IRISH

PROTESTANT LETTERS.

ETC., ETC.

BY R. R. B. DUBLIN.

ALSO, AN ADDRESS ON

Ireland the Cradle of European Literature.

BY REV. J. B. FINLAY, Ph. D. LL. D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

NEW YORK:
DE WITT & DAVENPORT, PUBLISHERS,
160 NASSAU STREET.
MDCCCLV.

Deposited in Clerks Office
So. Dist. New York Feb. 13. 1856

STEREOTYPED BY
PETER DUNCAN,
22 Spruce Street.

W. E. BLAKENEY,
PRINTER,
8 Spruce Street.

TO

THE PATRIOTIC SONS OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN PROTESTANTS, WHO MAINTAINED THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, AND FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN ON THE BATTLE FIELDS OF THE REVOLUTION, WHERE THEY SUPPORTED INVIOLATE, THE CAUSE OF

AMERICAN LIBERTY:

AND ALSO TO

ALL PROTESTANT IRISHMEN

NOW RESIDING IN AMERICA,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In presenting to a generous Public, the following letters, &c. the author is not induced to do so from any claim to merit or superiority. His chief desire is to set before the enlightened citizens of America, the true character of Protestant foreigners in general, and of *Irish* Protestants in particular. If Ireland occupies the attention of the writer to a great extent, it should not create any surprise, inasmuch as his youngest years were spent in that country, and its history has long been his favorite study.

The statements embodied in these pages have been drawn from the most reliable sources. Though they may not be favorably received by all their readers, they are nevertheless stubborn facts. Actuated by a true love for his native land, he has introduced a few of the illustrious names that have adorned his country—men whose brilliant deeds in America have raised a monument of glory to which posterity will exultingly point as they exclaim, "Behold the deeds of our fathers in other times!" Honor to their memories! Though some may endeavor to deny the truthfulness of his conclusions, he is, however, well aware, that in the language of Washington Irving: "There is a certain meddlesome spirit, which in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition."

The author is conscious of many defects in this work. Typographical errors, over which he had no control, have unavoidably crept into it while passing through the press, and have rendered it not so perfect as it otherwise should have been. As it now stands he only asks for it a careful examination; not from the eyes of professional critics, but from those of an inquiring public. He is not an author by profession, but merely a tyro in the halls of literature. He knows, as Byron has thus expressed:—

"A man must serve his time to every trade
Save censure; critics all are ready made.
* * * * * * * *

A modern critic is a thing who runs
All ways, all risks to evitate his duns;
Let but an author ask him home to dine,
And lend him money while he gave him wine;
However dull the trash the man might write,
His praise the grateful guest would still indite."

Before one can praise or blame the Protestants of Ireland, it is necessary that he become acquainted with the history of their country. For Ireland has a noble history.

Nearly 1000 years before the Christian era, Ireland had a literary character. Her Celtic code of laws has since laid the foundation of English and American law. The Christian religion was introduced there about the end of the first century. In the year 432, Succathus Magonius, named "St. Patrick," arrived: churches and seminaries increased throughout the island until the tenth century. Then came the Danes who plundered the coasts—burned the public buildings, and took possession of Dublin and Waterford. In the year 1155, Pope Adrian made a grant of that country to King Henry II, that Popery might be introduced into it by the civil power. In the year 1172 the English monarch took possession of Dublin. Before that period Popery was unknown in Ireland. From the year 1172, until the reign of Henry VIII, two churches existed there—the Ancient Irish Church and the Popish Irish Church: the one independent of, and the other in submission to, the Roman Pontiff. When the Reformation began in Ireland, the ancient Irish Culdees united with the Reformed Church. This caused the Irish Papists great mental pain. Then came a Bull from Pope Gregory XIII, in 1580, to incite religious dissension in the country. Then came another Bull, in 1641, which caused the Irish Protestant Massacre. Then came the condemnation of the Protestant clergy and gentry, in 1688; and with it came the famous Siege of Derry and the glorious Battle of the Boyne, where Protestants heroically fought for, and gloriously won, the liberties of their country. Then came the Rebellion in 1798 when Popery appeared once more in its real colors at Wexford Bridge, and Scullabogue Barn.

Such is a brief outline of Irish history, which will be found elucidated in these pages.

Another object of this volume is to point out the machinations of Popery on the Institutions of America; and also to show the relation of foreign Protestants towards the same. Protestants come to this country that they may avail themselves of the in-

creased facilities for commercial intercourse, and not to interfere with politics or political aggrandizement, they believe that Americans should rule America.

The greater portion of this work appeared during the past year in the columns of the N. Y. *True American*; from thence it was copied into a large number of papers on both sides of the Atlantic; amongst which may be mentioned the *Sentinel* of London, the organ of the Protestant Association of Great Britain and Ireland, edited by the Rev. Dr. Gregg. In compliance with numerous requests to have them republished in a more permanent form, they have now been collected for that purpose, and are here presented to the public with some additional matter.

The article on "*Ireland the Cradle of European Literature*," is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Finlay of Brooklyn, who is widely known for his literary attainments as an author. It will repay the perusal of every student of history.

The poetry has been carefully selected. Some of it has never been published before. "*The Lays of the Ulster Minstrelsy*" will afford much gratification to all admirers of patriotic song; they are especially directed to the attention of Irish Protestants; for in the language of Ossian:—"Pleasant are the words of the song! Lovely the tales of other times, when the joy of youth returns."

R. R. B., Dublin.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

THE LAYS OF THE ULSTER MINSTRELSY.

IRISH PROTESTANT LETTERS.

Address to the Irish Protestants in the United States.

BY R. R. B. DUBLIN.

PROTESTANT FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:—In addressing you on the present occasion it is my intention to bring forward some well known facts, to bear on the calumnious assertions so frequently made against our country and people. It has long been the custom with many to denounce everything Irish as being decidedly inferior. I refer especially to those who make no distinction between us and the ancient enemies of our faith. Some indeed, have rendered us tardy justice under the generic title of Americans, but not as Irishmen. Our country has long enough been disgraced by a Popish misrepresentation in this great Republic. As Irishmen, we are now bound to stand forth before the public, and give a practical refutation to that erroneous impression so prevalent with many who speak as if "Irish" and "Popish" were synonymous terms.

IRISHMEN: It is *no* disgrace to be an Irishman, but it is a disgrace to be ashamed of being an Irishman; or to be forgetful of that ancient classic and historic land of ours, adorned with heathy mountain and swelling woodland—whose every hill, valley, lake and river tells in silence its tale of other years, being associated with some venerable name or glorious deed of the past Ireland abounds in relics of departed glory. Her ivy-clad ruins are to be seen in all directions, inviting the traveller and the antiquarian to investigate her history and espouse her cause. And while he listens to her plaintive bards or hears the wild music of her native harp, he is in danger of being carried away by that enthusiasm, which in cooler moments he might deprecate as inimical to truthful investigation or philosophical deduction. There is such a thing to the contemplative mind as the influence of locality; and there are in Ireland spots of peculiar attraction and thrilling interest, which derive their power from the beautiful of scenery, the splendor of achievement, the sublime of genius or the amiable of piety. Who has not loved to gaze and linger there? Almost every land has at least some of these favorite haunts that call upon us to "come and see." Shall not history record the spot where men of renown drew their first breath; and literature consecrate the hamlet where genius first saw the light or awoke the lyre? Shall not the *Greek* be fired at the sight of Marathon, where the mighty fell in victory? Shall not the philosopher be chained to Athens, the school where science taught, and the platform where oratory thundered? Shall not the Jew linger with rapture over the vales where the father of the faithful pitched his tent, or the mountains on which Isaiah struck his harp, or the summit on which stood the temple of his God, like a glittering mount of snow in the profound of heaven? Shall not the Scottish Covenanter bow with veneration over the hallowed spot where lies the martyr whom "persecution dragged forth to fame and chased up to heaven?" Shall not the Briton revere the spot on which the standard of Freedom was first erected in England by Robert Fitzwalter and the mail-clad barons of Runimede? And

in another hemisphere shall not the true American regard with peculiar interest the memories of Lexington, Bunker's Hill and Yorktown, in which were begun, continued, and ended, the struggles of his country for her national Independence ?

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN: Some of you are descended from the ancient Irish Scots, who in early ages were the light of surrounding nations, and from whom our country received the honorable appellation of *Insula Sanctorum*, or Island of Saints. In the beginning of the seventh century, when Aiden went over to England as a missionary from the Irish Church, (many of his countrymen being also engaged in like manner through nearly every part of Europe, including Southern Russia and the now famous Crimea) the Saxon king Oswald, who had been educated amongst the Irish Scots, thought it not beneath him to act as interpreter, for the benefit of his pagan Saxon subjects. In the language of Dr. Fuller, Prebendary of Sarum, England; "these two put together made a perfect preacher. And though some will say, sermons thus at second hand lose much of their life and lustre; yet the same spirit working in both, proved effectual in the salvation of many souls." It was thus that the lamp of Erin shone brightly during the days of her early greatness; but a change, a fatal change, was destined to come over the spirit of her dream; she that was once the asylum of religion and learning in Europe, and to her honor be it said, was the last European country that acknowledged the Papal Supremacy.

I shall now pass over, with few remarks, the Anglo-Norman conquest of 1172, which was the result of a Papal Bull from Adrian IV to Henry II, empowering the latter to "extend the boundaries of the church," and as a practical proof of having done so, he was to collect one carolus annually from each Irish family, for the support of the Papal authority, exercised by the Supreme Pontiff. In after years, when England and Scotland arose from the spiritual and temporal lethargy into which for ages they had fallen, and when they declared that Britons should and would be free, and that the power of Rome should enslave them

no longer, it was then the government of England committed that great mistake which has left Ireland a Popish country to this day. They imagined that by suppressing the Irish language they were destroying the influence of popery, when, in fact, they were doing exactly the reverse. If the English government had caused a translation of the Scriptures to be made into the Irish language, and appointed no clergyman to office in the church but such as were thoroughly acquainted with the language and manners of the people, the Reformation would have progressed there with greater rapidity than in any other country of Europe. It is no wonder, therefore, that Ireland has remained a Popish country, when such a blundering line of policy was adopted by her rulers at that critical period of her national history. There were however, some honorable exceptions to the general rule, and amongst them was the venerable Bishop Bedell, of Kilmore, who learned the Irish language when over sixty years of age, and with the assistance of an educated Irishman made a translation of the Scriptures into that language. But it came a century too late; for immediately after, the Popish Massacre of 1641 swept the country, destroying 200,000 of the Protestant inhabitants. The good old bishop died shortly afterwards from the effects of harsh treatment received at that time, while a prisoner in the hands of the Papists. But such was the estimation in which his character was held by some of them, who personally knew him, that a Jesuit friar, while standing by his grave, exclaimed : "Would God ! that my soul were with Bedell !"

When the general massacre occured, a remnant of the Protestants were saved by the timely information given on the day previous at Dublin Castle, by Owen O'Connelly, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. During the same year when the Popish army under the Red O'Neill was carrying on the work of desolation and death to the full satisfaction of their Pontifical master and Jesuit leaders, it was at Lisnagarvey, (now Lisburn) a settlement of the Scots and English in Antrim, that they received their first grand defeat in Ulster. The attack was made on the Sab-

bath, and so obstinate was the engagement that the town was reduced to ashes, after which it was called by its present name.—Had not the inhabitants fought like sons of Maccabeus in defence of their rights, the name of Protestant would have been swept from the Northern shore; for the *religious* "exercises" of the Papists that morning consisted of an oath to that effect. Some, perhaps, who read this paper, will imagine that such atrocities as were then committed were a peculiarity of the Irish character.—Now, for the information of those who may labor under this erroneous impression, I have merely to state that if they substitute the word "Popish," for "Irish," they will arrive at a proper conclusion. In proportion to the fine susceptibilities of the soul on which popery may act, will be, as it has ever been, the consequent degradation. As for instance, a learned writer has well remarked that "drunkenness makes a beast of a man, and a devil of a woman" so, in like manner can the operations of popery be traced in their different workings on the several branches of the human family. It was popery in England that caused five hundred English men, women and children to be burned at the stake by their pure Anglo-Saxon countrymen, in the reign of bloody Queen Mary. It was popery in France that caused a million of Huguenots to be murdered, at one time, by their naturally chivalric fellow-countrymen. In none of the cases mentioned was it a peculiarity of the national character that led to the commission of those cool and deliberate murders that have handed down the "Church," at whose bidding they were committed, as an execration to all generations.

Had the Irish language been appreciated at the proper time, and missionaries sent through the people, Ireland would now be a different country. The English and Scottish Reformation succeeded, having been conducted in the language of the people, but in Ireland the plan was otherwise, and as a matter of course, failed. Rome in her generation was wiser than England. The fatal error, with regard to the language of *Erin mavourneen acushla machree*, was only equaled in later years by that in which they lost

an empire greater than ever Cæsar won. There is no dialect more expressive of the finer feelings of the soul, than the Irish. Of the Reformation it has been said:

> "And Oh! be it heard in that language endearing,
> In which the fond mother her lullaby sung,
> Which spoke the first lispings of childhood and bearing
> The father's last prayer from his now silent tongue;
> That so as it breathes the pure sound of devotion,
> And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean,
> Each breast may be calmed into gentle emotion,
> And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung."

The Irish are a peculiar people; they have strong and ardent feelings, with resentments as quick as the impulses which lead them to be generous, high-minded and faithful. In the very fact of their continued hostility to England, we behold even in their degradation, the natural working of a noble character. If we take, for example, the Saxon and Celtic papists under foreign invasion, we find the former after one battle, bowing beneath the sceptre of William the Conqueror, while the latter for centuries resisted the oppression of the Norman and Saxon. After the Reformation, through the negligence of England, this noble principle was allowed to be perverted by the wily emissaries of a crafty foreign priesthood, even so far as to endanger the existence of Protestantism in the British Islands. The Irish people have been grossly defamed. The monstrous and incredible fictions of ignorant and foreign authors, have, from the earliest age, been employed to excite the contempt of the English nation towards them. It is a melancholy reflection, that the successive governments of England, should have been so long and so obstinately blind to the real interests of the country, as to conceive it more expedient to attempt the suppression of the national spirit by legal severity, than to adopt a system of national instruction and general industry; giving to the minds of the people, a proper tendency and peaceable direction.

An enthusiastic attachment to the land of his birth, is a prominent trait of the Irish character, which neither time nor absence, prosperity, nor adversity, can obliterate or diminish. Wherever

an Irishman is born, there he wishes to die, and however successfull he may have been, in acquiring wealth or rank in foreign lands, he returns, with fond affection, to renew his intercourse with the friends and companions of his youth. The national character, as described by Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, still remains true. "If an Irishman be a good man, there is no better; if a bad man, there is none worse."

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN: Many of you are descended from the blue-bonneted Scotchmen who came to our Green Isle two hundred years ago. When persecution raged hot at home, our land became the refuge of those uncompromising defenders of the Faith, who came from the "land of the mountain and flood."—who left the homes of their nativity rather than disown the supremacy of Christ's crown and covenant, Is it necessary to recur to the days that are past, which can never be blotted from the history of the Protestant Church? Visit the mountains of Scotland and contemplate the stern Cameronian—the enduring Covenanter. Where shall we find greater examples of noble daring than what have been displayed within her borders? From the "bonnie Highland heither" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale—from the proud foaming crest of Solway, to the calm polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freemen, in the land of Wallace—of Bruce—of Cameron, and of old Lochiel, " proud bird of the mountain." You, the sons of a gallant people, who came to the shores of Ulster as a colony returning to the mother country—for Ireland gave to Caledonia the Scottish name and race. Among the ornaments of the Scottish church of Ireland was Columba, born near Derry, in Ulster, A. D. 521. He became the Apostle of the Scots in Scotland. After the conversion of that people he received a grant from their king of the Island of Iona, for the purpose of establishing a Culdean fraternity, or college. This place afterward became a great seminary of the church, and from it came many celebrated missionaries, who carried the Gospel through Britain and other countries of Europe. To the Scotch-Irish we owe the Presbyterian Church

of Ireland, with its thousand congregations, which have made Ulster to blossom as a rose, by restoring the primitive faith of our fathers, when our country was known as the Island of Saints.

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN: Many of you are descended from the honest Saxon Englishmen, who at various times have settled in Ireland. As Protestants, you have ever been found amongst the brightest ornaments of our country. The Episcopal Church, to which you belong, has produced men eminent for rare talents, literary attainments and exemplary piety, such as Ussher, Bedell and Taylor, whose praise is in all the churches. You have been amongst the foremost in practical attention to industry, with its accompanying results, law and order. As a body you are not to be held responsible for the errors committed by the English government, in the days that are past. Such as, for instance, the unwise measures adopted at the time of the Reformation, and afterwards in the reign of Queen Anne, when "Dissenters" or Presbyterians who had been most active in bringing about the glorious Revolution of 1688, were placed under civil disabilities nearly equal to those papists who had treacherously conspired to overthrow the liberties of Great Britain. It was this short-sighted policy that produced such alienation in the North of Ireland, and caused the great emigration from that place to this country. *And as a kind of retributive justice, from those very men came the first Declaration of Independence in the United States, at Mecklenburgh, Charlotte county, North Carolina.*

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN: Some of you are descended from the noble-minded Huguenots who came to Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz. Your ancestors were exiled from their fatherland—the peaceful valleys and vine-clad hills of France. Their homes were destroyed, their churches desecrated, and their pastors slain by the sword. The rights gratefully extended by a king whom they have elevated to the throne, were withdrawn by a perjured successor, at the instigation of a shaven priestly horde, the servants of "the Man of Sin and Son of Perdition."

Among the settlements made by the Huguenots in Ireland,

was one at Lisburn, where they commenced the linen trade, to which they had been brought up. It has ever since been successfully carried on by the inhabitants of that town, and Ulster generally, until Irish linens from their superior finish have attained a world-wide celebrity being used in all civilized countries. I may here mention the fact that nearly all the crowned heads of Europe are supplied with the produce of the diaper and damask manufactories of Lisburn. The armorial and other devices of each, whether emblematic of rank or achievements, are tastefully drawn in the pattern of the work, so that family traditions are handed down to posterity in a style hitherto unknown and unattempted. This flourishing trade is the due result of wise forethought on the part of the British Government, when it received the Huguenot exiles who had been driven from their native land by the power of priestly ignorance and fanaticism. They were given a patent for conducting the linen manufacture according to the custom of their own country ; and not only that, but their pastor, whom they brought with them, was supported by an annual grant from the treasury, though he did not belong to the Established Church. The virtuous conduct and civilized manners of those worthy people were of great advantage to the place. Their skill and industry set an example to those who were engaged in the same business, which soon had the effect of raising the quality of their manufacture to a degree of excellence till then unknown. It is rather strange that the names of only four of the refugees are to be found at the present time in that locality, viz. : Crommelin, DeLacherois, Gayer and Dubourdieu. To the first-mentioned the patent was granted : the third was sexton of the church, and the fourth was the name of the pastor, the Rev. Samourez Dubourdieu. The writer recollects seeing some of the descendants of those just mentioned ; amongst them was one bearing the full name of the pastor.

Irishmen—Protestant Irishmen : You men—the *true* men—the sons of '88—who never turned your backs to friend or foe—whose names are recorded on the brightest pages of Britain's his-

tory, and whose noble acts appear in bold relief, on the highest column of human renown Your military prowess is well represented by the Enniskillen Dragoons, who first volunteered in 1688, and after many decisive engagements in which the enemy was defeated, they waved their flag of victory in company with the Huguenots on the beautiful banks of the Boyne. Coming farther down the stream of time, we find them on the bloody but decisive field of Waterloo, with their ancestral countrymen, the Scots Grays, where they charged victoriously the mail-clad warriors of France, Napoleon's cuirassiers. In more recent times we see them at the gallant charge of Balaklava, where they gallopped through a dense body of the Muscovite cavalry, five times their number, of which the London *Times* Correspondent remarks: "The inspiriting cheer of the Scots Grays, and the wild shouts of the Enniskilleners rang through the air as they dashed into the ranks of the enemy.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"It was the fight of heroes." Yea, a revival of the Ossianic days by the descendants of the Ossianic heroes, the sons of "*Scotia Major*" (Ireland) and "*Scotia Minor*" (Scotland.) As an instance of which may be cited, the Enniskillen Dragoon Captain, who killed over twelve of the enemy by the sword alone. Our brethren who fell in battle (some of whom were found among the dead, with the Orange scarf around them) shall not die unknown to fame, for the sons of generations yet to come, will speak with due ancestral pride of the chivalric heroism displayed by the old British Islanders—the colonizers of the world. The names of Alma, and the twice-told Spartan band of Balaklava—the Light Brigade, who charged through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death!" The old Gaelic rock, against which dashed without effect the unbroken waves of the Don Cossack! The gallant deeds of Inkermann, before which pales the splendor of Cressy, Agincourt, and Waterloo. Those men who now sleep the sleep of death beneath the cold Crimean soil, and of whom the great Kossuth has well said: "The world admires, and Great Britain bewails," have

left a name and fame behind them, that shall descend to the latest posterity, animating by their bright example, the warriors of coming ages.

PROTESTANT IRISHMEN: Steady adherence to principle has ever formed a distinguished trait in your national history. It has not been the result of fitful emotion or momentary impulse carried on through a spirit of antagonism. A higher and holier motive has characterized your course of action. The popularity of any movement has not led you to an adoption of its principles; neither has its popularity caused you to reject them. With you, truth has been prized for its own inherent excellence, and not from the garb in which it may have been forced to appear. You have defended the cause of truth in days gone by, not as a matter of interest, but from a love of noble principle.

When the troubled waters of Torbay bore on their heaving bosom the illustrious Prince of Orange, and Englishmen received him coldly, for they feared the consequences, you, Protestant Irishmen, received him afterwards at Bangor on the iron-bound coast of Ulster with a *cead mille failthe*—(a hundred thousand welcomse ;) for on his banner was inscribed *Je maintandrai*—"I will maintain the liberties of England. Concur with us in our desire to secure these nations from Popery and Slavery." As in the days that are past, you were instrumental in overthrowing the despotism which then ruled in Great Britain; so, by a steady adherence to the same principles, you and your descendants may yet act a similar part in defending the liberties of this country. The day may not be far distant when Popery—that ancient enemy of civil and religious liberty—will openly assail the rights of freeborn men. It has done so before; and if Americans would only keep quiet and "tolerate" the system, it would be perfectly willing to do so again. At present it is only waiting until a more favorable opportunity shall occur.

In the meanwhile, be always ready to meet the foe; let the counsels of your fathers be forever entwined around the tendrils of fondest recollection; and let not the memories of other years

pass along the stream of time into the dull sea of forgetfulness. I speak advisedly to the sons of men whose broad swords and green graves, are in their island home beyond the sea. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that you have heard with your ears, and your fathers have declared unto you the abominations of Popery, that were committed in their time, (1798) and in the old time which went before them. (1641.)

PROTESTANT FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN :—Nearly every class of foreigners in this country have a representative society ; *we* have none. Englishmen have the St. George's Society ; Welchmen, the St. David's Society ; Scotchmen, the St. Andrew's Society ; Irish *Romanists*, the St. Patrick's Society ; Dutchmen, the St. Nicholas' Society ; Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Canadians, New Englanders, are all represented by exclusive organizations. In these there is no harm so long as they are conducted in the proper sphere to which they naturally belong—that is, non-political. The main object of all societies of this kind should be to promote literary or benevolent plans of action for mutual benefit ; they should look after the general welfare, encourage the literature, and elevate the moral standard of those whom they represent. In this way they are useful, not only to themselves, but to all those with whom they may come in contact. When politics are introduced into such associations, and become identified with them, there arises, as a matter of course, a spirit of antagonism in those to whom they are opposed, which is not at any time desirable for the peace or welfare of an immigrant population. The first and great commandment for all foreigners to learn, is obedience to the established laws of the country in which they may reside. Whenever they mingle in politics, they generally wind up with becoming the fag-end of some designing political party whose wire-pulling propensities are fully equal to the simplicity of the dupes on whom they operate. The party which have least reliance on the merits of their cause with the native population, will, as a matter of course, be most cringing to foreignism—not necessarily to advance it, but merely to use it as a ladder on

which they may advance themselves above those who have the honor to make no such appeals. Of such characters I shall say no more ; they are living epistles known and read of all men. Their head-quarters, a friend has just informed me, can be discerned in fine weather, without the aid of a telescope, by the weary traveller who exchanges the shady groves and jetting fountain of the Park for the pleasures of the Bowery.

I now leave with you the project of forming an association of the kind just mentioned, hoping that it may meet with your favorable attention. Such an one is much wanting amongst the great body of our countrymen at present in the United States. The words of the immortal Hampden (adopted as the motto of the Dublin Protestant Association) are well worthy of receiving practical attention in this age of self-complacency—"Protestantism is looked upon as a word honorable, and not only the word, but the thing to the last drop of blood."

Letter I.

John Mitchel and True Irishmen,

[The following communication was addressed to the Editor of the *New York Daily Times*, but was rejected from grounds of policy.—Ed. *New York True American*, May 20, 1854.]

Editor of the N. Y. Daily Times.—*Dear Sir*. As an "Irishman under forty," and if it please John Mitchel better, under thirty—yea, under twenty-five, I address this note to you, as I have seen in your paper an article copied from a late number of the *Citizen*, in which I found myself collectively addressed by the person who wrote said article. After going through the usual stereotyped abuse of England, adopted by such vitriol-bottle "patriots" as the Editor of said paper, among other words he has the following: "The British institutions of Famine and Fever" as though they formed part of the National Budget, thereby divesting them of all the character of being dispensations of Providence. After passing on, I find him saying again, "Trusting there are hundreds of thousands of young men in Ireland, whose cheeks flush with secret passion, when they think of their country's lowly condition, and who statedly *curse* in their *prayers* the felonious Union Jack. I address myself to them alone." Now, sir, I most emphatically repudiate and reject all such advice from such reckless characters as what he has been and still continues. In Dublin, my native, city, his military tactics were barricades for men, and vitriol-bottles for the women. Since his arrival here, I find he has rather improved in that line; for he says that if it could be had he would use hell-fire to destroy the enemy. Now, all such boasting is vain, as it serves no purpose but to show the world what hellish notions have taken possession of the poor man's brain, were it unfortunately in his power to execute, but happily for the peace of society, and the welfare of Ireland in particular, it is utterly out of the power of all such to reduce their theories to practice.

I am really at a loss how to account for the "Maiden City" producing such a man. He may, perhaps, have been changed by the freaks of some malicious "fayry," for he is not a politically legitimate son of the immortal city of the "Prentice Boys," whose fame rings in each Orangeman's ears, which Erin's hills have heard, and heard too, have her *Celtic* foes.

In the *Times* of the 28th March, I find an editorial, headed "England and the Irish," in which you say it is all very well for isolated Protestant Irishmen to deny that they cherish any feeling of hostility towards England," &c. Now, sir, I feel most happy to inform you that in Ireland we are *not* insolated, but are a body of three millions strong, men, women and children, while our "natural enemies." the priest-ridden and "willingly ignorant" popish celts, such as you may see landing every day, are not more than three and a half million, and that of the lowest and most debased stamp. As they clear out, the country gradually rises in the scale of nations; their places are now being filled by another element composed of the Protestant "Saxon," and "Scot," noted for their steadiness, industry and sobriety. In Ireland, we have two hundred thousand men banded together for the defence of the Protestant faith, when occasion demands. Would to God that such a body had been in existence in 1641, and the massacre of two hundred thousand inoffensive English and Scotch settlers would not have occurred.

Sir, if you had been present with me at the beautiful town of Lisburn, so delightfully situated beside the river Lagan, which separates the counties of Antrim and Down, (where, if Burns had lived would have been immortalized in song,) you would have seen an Orange procession of eighty thousand men, on the 12th of July, 1848, as they passed in review through that town on their way to the residence of the late James Watson, Esq., Justice of the Peace, and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Antrim, a cousin of the writer's father, and the County Grand Master of the Orangemen. You would not then speak of "isolated Protestants," but rather the reverse, when you would see that their objects were

happy homes and altars free. "Union now and forever," with England, and prosperity to the tri-une island Empire, and peace and prosperity to the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world, whether they be Monarchical or Republican.

I am an Irish Presbyterian Covenanter, descended from the men whose blood crimsoned the Dee and Clyde, as well as the heather of the Pentland Hills in Scotland in defence of civil and religious liberty, when they threw off the yoke of the perjured and faithless House of Stuart by declaring that "we do disown the said Charles Stuart from reigning or rather tyrannizing over us," in the Sanquhar "Declaration of Independence," down, to where an ancestor of mine, a widow with an only son of fifteen, left the land of her fathers to escape the military despotism that then ruled in that country under Claverhouse, and came to Ireland, but it was only flying from the hands of prelacy to fall into that of the most bigoted and blood-thirsty Irish papists, to be driven with thirty thousand others of the defenceless Irish Protestants, who were robbed, and then driven from their homes to be massacred in the open fields by the Irish kerns and gallow-glasses, with whom the name of Protestant became the password to the grave. These "wild Irish" formed the cowardly army (i. e. in regular action) of the perjured James II., when Marshall Rosen, the French General, told his men to go bring him Derry stone by stone, at the famous seige of 1688.

Imagine the proud and naturally chivalric sons of France amalgamated with the blood thirsty Irish approaching Derry's gates. Confusion reigns within, for a traitor has a seat in the Council—one Lundy, from whom perhaps, Mitchel has been studying, in order to make his country either a Romish Rupublic with the Pope as perpetual President, or a French Colony; they waver-they halt, but the foe advances. What inspirited cheer is that which bursts upon the ear? 'Tis "No Surrender!" Whose bold hands are those that close the gates—aye, and slam them in the tyrant's face? And another "No Surrender!" makes the welkin ring. 'Twas from the gallant "Prentice Boys," who acted when

action was required—then manned the walls, and shouted "No Surrender!" and by their means the city was preserved. The siege was long and weary, until not a live rat was left; when the Dartmouth spread her snow-white sail, her purple pendant flying, she broke the boom laid across the Foyle, and brought relief to the 'Maiden city,' but not until many had perished, for the old man and the babe all died together.

They did not as your "Kenmare" correspondent states of some of his countrymen, during the Irish famine in 1848, eat their children. Such barbarity does not exist among a civilized people.

R. R. B. DUBLIN.

Letter II.

John Mitchel and the Invasion of Canada.—The position of the former with regard to the "Irish" or popish party.—Their leaders.—O'Meagher and Mitchel.—The New York "Irish Universal Civil and Military Republican Union" under President O'Malley.

THOS. PICTON ESQ.

Editor of the True American.

DEAR SIR:—Your having had the kindness to publish my former communication addressed to the *N. Y. Daily Times*, containing some facts for the information of that Journal and its sapient friend, John Mitchel, the Irish *veteran* "Patriot" of 1848, has induced me to write the following:

The *Daily Times*, not long since, as you may be aware, started the idea of an invasion of Canada, *not* by Americans, but by a party of Irishmen, who were, of course, desirous of extending the "*area of freedom*," and particluarly so, under their gallant leader, whose daily aspirations are, that he may yet live to have

the "fat plantation well stocked," down South, where he can sing to the tune of

> "Oh, Duffy, don't you cry for me,
> I'm going to Alabama with the 'Citizen' on my knee!"

to the no small joy of his friends. When that happy period shall arrive which his fertile imagination seems to have presented before him as one of the golden apples of freedom, he will then be in a position to form a Black Guard, himself to be their Chief; they will form the van of his invincible army, he then can gather his Milesian countrymen (papists of course) the hewers of wood and drawers of water from Maine to Texas; with these he can march for Canada, duly equipped with the "best imported" shillelaghs and pikes and also two quart bottles in each knapsack filled respectively with whiskey and vitriol. After having crossed the modern Rubicon, he will then be met by a certain class of "stolen property" having the gift of human speech, who will come out with songs of rejoicing to welcome their great *deliverer* from "British tyranny" to the air of

> "See the conquering Hero comes"
> or,
> "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances."

After the annexation has been settled and the enemy annihilated, he can then gather the remaining Heroes of Ballingarry and the Veterans of the Cabbage-Garden campaign: and when surrounded by those *modern* "*Greek*" Spartans he shall then have a noble opportunity of forming a *new* Thermopylæ in the world's history by striking one decisive blow which shall annihilate the "*Sassenach*," or Anglo-Saxon race in Ireland *a la* 1641.

However, to speak seriously, Mitchel is not the real leader of even the Irish papists who have sworn allegiance to the temporal and spiritual despot that sits on the seven hills (wonderfully supported by seven thousand French bayonets) as the legal successor of Hildebrand, and who attempts to rule the world by that infernal Order blasphemously called the "Society of Jesus," of whom Thomas Brown, the first Reformed Archbishop of Dublin very quaintly and wisely said "They go not with Jesus who go

with the Jesuits." The Irish papists are told by their "Church" that Mitchel must be on the way to damnation, by being a "vile heretic" "outside the pale" and their only object in using him at all is as a tool whereby they may overthrow, if possible, the noble Protestant British Nation, and on its ruins build papal supremacy in things both temporal and spiritual. The *Freeman's Journal* says that "he is a man who never takes advice; no, not by any means," meaning of course that he is not a sufficiently pliant tool of the Jesuits; he, however, is willing to go a great length for them as he says that he "finds in them a fund of inextinguishable hatred to the British Government." True! but why is it so? Because it has served as the greatest barrier against popery in Europe, and even the world. The Jesuits have the greatest respect for the crowned heads of Austria and Naples, the greatest and pettiest despots in the world.

The Irish Papists appear now to have given up the task as rather hopeless to suppress freedom of speech in this free country. They began a little too soon, and were obliged to give it over before they had expected to do so. Brownson, the popish champion of the United States, repudiates them for bringing foreignism into the country, although he well knows that it is only the practical outworking of the system to which *en passant* he has allied himself.

Mitchel has recently turned stag on the Romish priests and their organs, the editors of which, he says, are "not personally worth shooting," while his "compatriot," O'Meagher, as he called himself, on his outward bound voyage at his country's expense, a man who was educated at the Jesuit college of Stoneyhurst, Lancashire, England, has thought some of them, at least, worth cowhiding. See recent accounts of the difficulty between the aforesaid Mr. O'Meagher and Mr. McMasters. It reminds me of the old verse commencing:

> "Per O atque Mac veros cognoscis Hibernos
> His duobus demptis nullis Hibernus adest."

Which has been thus freely rendered:

By Mc and O you'll surely know
True Irishmen they say,
But if they lack both O and Mc
No Irishmen are they!"

It is really very ungrateful for Mitchel to throw aside his former patrons in that manner, when it was to them that he principally owed his political advancement as their *quandom* leader, † John, New York, sending over $500 towards revolutionizing Ireland. But as he is now in a free country, he thinks he can get along better without their assistance than with it; of which no doubt he can on his own account, but not as an Irish leader. In the meanwhile perhaps they may own:

"He was right to dissemble his love
But why did he kick them down stairs."

He has recently shown some smartness, by endeavoring to cause one object to have the appearance of two; in other words to make two Popes out of one, viz: A temporal and a spiritual. Such a statement may pass with those who are in the habit of seeing double, either under the spiritual influence of Hughes or Monongahela, but not with any one who looks with a single eye to passing events. It reminds me forcibly of a story told of an honest peasant who felt considerable alarm for the safety of a bishop's soul. The bishop was a sovereign prince, and lived in great pomp and splendor.

The countryman believed there was but one rule of faith and practice, he could not therefore get down the regal pomp and magnificence by which he believed the soul of the bishop was endangered, when he unbosomed his anxiety to the princely ecclesiastic who said, "Be not alarmed, my pious friend, for the safety of my soul. The magnificence which you see does not attach to my character as a Christian Bishop, but only to my rank and office, as an earthly prince." "Ah!" said the poor pious man, shaking his head, "it may be so, but when the *prince goes to hell*, what will become of the bishop?" Can Mitchel inform the public?

I see there has been a meeting lately held, of a society calling itself "the Irish Universal Civil and Military Republican Union;"

having for its supposed object, the extension of Republican Freedom, but in reality, it is only the tool of the popish priestcraft and will accordingly be used as such, either in this country or at the other side, in case they should fail here. Their intentions are, so far as Ireland is concerned, to effect, if possible, a separation from Protestant England, the only bulwark of liberty in Europe at the present day ; and if this could be accomplished, they would then (as all their antecedents show) use the civil power for the propagation of popery over the face of that fair land, until it should be reduced to that degraded condition which has so long marked the popish provinces of Connaught and Munster, and even proud, Albion in her popish days, when Englishmen worshipped the tail of an ass, and were excommunicated for clipping the tail of a horse without clerical authority, in the days of Henry the Second, who by the civil power carried popery into Ireland. Such was the state of affairs in Saxon England, during the Episcopate of the literal Saxon Saracen, Thomas a'Becket, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury ; who even excommunicated men for speaking against him in those halcyon days of popish rule. That individual now hangs on the Romish calendar as a saint of the first water !

Under the same system, in the reign of King John, dental operations were performed by royal authority on a certain Jew of Bristol, who permitted seven teeth to be extracted before paying an arbitrary fine of 10,000 marks, which had been levied on him by the King, who had just previously sworn in the most abject manner to the papal Nuncio, that he would only hold Britannia's Isle, as the pope's vassal forever by a payment of 1000 marks annually to the reigning Pope. The Jew, however, who lost both his teeth and money for the good of the " Church," was not so bad a case after all as multitudes of his brethren were, that were burned in York Castle during the same reign on account of their belief. However, to return to this wonderful body just come into existence, with a mushroom growth, and to which has been given a very long name, viz : " The Irishmen's Universal Civil and

Military Republican Union." I find it has been duly reported by one of its friends of the N. Y. *Daily Times*; according to the report, it was presided over by an individual of the masculine name of Molloy, or perhaps it should be O'Molloy, some distant relation of Charles O'Malley, the renowned Irish Dragoon. In his reported address, after putting one of Emmett's figures of speech to a horrible death by the most refined cruelty, he winds up with the assertion that there shall be one of the bloodiest revolutions in Ireland, which that country has ever yet seen, and that it shall be accomplished by the aid of a hundred thousand Irishmen armed in this country for that specific purpose. The precedents of 1641 and 1798 are to be as nothing in comparison with this mighty effort.

After the departure of this Quixotic band of filibusters for *Erin ard innis na Righ*, the U. S. Congress Hall should be draped in mourning and business generally suspended for a week, on account of the public loss sustained by the removal of so many "better citizens," who are the bulwark of this Republic, and if they remained, the pledge of its future unrivalled greatness. It now remains with the native citizens to see whether they are fully prepared to meet such a drain from the military resources of the Union, as the one now under contemplation; for if once gone they shall never return—Britannia and Neptune having fully agreed to take them in charge for the remainder of their natural lives. If such were not the case, I reckon that there are as many men in New York city, both Orange aud Blue, as could charter and man one, (no more being necessary,) of Uncle Sam's A. I. O. K. steamers, and tow the whole concern, after allowing them one good Kilkenny fight, off Sandy Hook, either into Mitchel's native Derry;

> "Where Foyle his swelling waters
> Rolls northward to the main,
> And tells of days of dauntless note,
> And Derry's deathless fame," &c.

into Belfast Lough, or Dublin Bay, just as convenience might dictate, and then leave them all in charge of the proper authorities, to be dealt with as he, that was often reproved and hardened his neck.

Letter III.

Influence of Jesuitism on American politics—Political foreigners and their antecedents—The Naturalization laws and their great convenience for the naturalization of popery in the United States.

THE chief aim of the Jesuits, after working all they can at the noble Constitution of 1688, is to undermine, (they being the "sappers and miners" of popery) and destroy popularily by corruption the glorious Constitution of 1776. They know how to attack objectionable Republics, as well as Monarchies, in order to bring all under the temporal power of their master, whom they consider as the legitimate Ruler of the world, calling him, "Our Lord God, the Pope," also "Vicegerent of Christ on earth," and that all the ends of the world should fear him. Such ideas are, of course, fatal to any free and independent country. Therefore let the Reformed Anglo-Saxon and Celtic race now indissolubly united by the glorious Reformation, beware, for their greatest enemies are the Jesuits. Let Americans, particularly remember the prophetic words of the wise La Fayette, when he exclaimed, "If ever the liberties of this Republic are destroyed, it will be through the machinations of Romish Priests," and the sage advice of that eminent statesman, Jefferson, of Monticello, when he said, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance;" and also the paternal admonition of the Father of his Country, in his parting address, where he said, "Against the insiduous wiles of foreign influence, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake. It is one of the most baneful foes of a Republican Government." How then can Americans remain in that state of apathetic indifference, which seems to characterize a great proportion of them at the present day, with those wise counsels of the Revolutionary Fathers still echoing in their ears. When they see the serpent coils of Jesuitism enfolding with its deadly influence the most vital part

of that constitution, which they have received as an inheritance by the bravery of their fathers, even one that should never be sold. It is now attacked by that serpent which is as the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear, and will not hearken to the voice of (*political*) charmers, charming never so wisely. Americans should be on their guard for this "foreign influence" comes from the foul, pent up waters of the Tiber, where the sediment of over twelve hundred years, moral and physical despotism has accumulated, and is now being stirred up again by those who were the means (under Satan) of causing it to be there. It is now emitting its noxious gases as a political miasma over all free countries. As a foul atmosphere, it may not be seen, but in its effects it will be felt to be most deadly. Therefore, let the true born sons of Protestant America, preserve that clear air of Freedom, by which they are surrounded, which was purified by seven years thunder, and that transparent river of Liberty, which flows from the rock of '76, after being smitten by the hand of Washington.

As a foreigner, it may appear strange that I entirely disapprove of the practice legally established, of giving all the rights of a native born citizen to any and every foreigner who may chance to come along. America does not need their assistance to aid her in self-government, she is perfectly able to take care of herself. It is a very bad system of policy to allow any of them whatever to approach the ballot box, when America by an act patent to the world declared herself free and independent from all foreign powers: yet, strange to say, she calls in the assistance of the *canaille* and off-scourings of Europe, the graduates of prisons, penitentiaries, and penal colonies, from whence many of them have been sent by their overseers, being told that this was a land of liberty, where they could make their own laws, and do just as they liked in carrying on their old avocations.

It is, with very few exceptions, the personal interest of foreigners to come here, and the idea of giving them a stake in the welfare of the country, by allowing them votes, is clear moonshine, they will remain so long as it is their interest to do so, but be-

yond that never. No immigrant whatever should have any influence or control over the domestic affairs of this land; if they do not like the legislation to which they may find themselves subject, why let them move on to some other place more congenial to their natural instincts; but by no means give them the power to model the laws after their own pre-conceived notions of equity or right.

Foreigners, as a class, aim only at putting in some of their own factions, and when that fails they make sure of the most corrupt American one existing. There are of course exceptions to every general rule, and with regard to the exclusion of foreigners from citizenship there might be one made in favor of any person who had rendered the country some distinguished service, to be determined on afterwards by the proper authorities, after which there might be a special act of Congress passed in his favor, admitting him to the full enjoyment thereof, on condition of his permanently residing in this country, but beyond this it should never extend.

It is now high time that Americans should make a complete alteration in their existing naturalization laws, if they wish to preserve in their integrity the principles of 1776. The idea of swearing foreigners against the different governments of those countries from whence they came, when perhaps the majority of them never owed allegiance to any under the sun, is *rather* ludicrous. Witness the confession of "Col." Michael Doheny, ex-Adjutant General to the forces that never were beat—for running away, at Slieve-na-mon and the Devil's Bit mountains in wild Tipperary. In an address to some of his kerns last winter, he said that he "considered it very strange to be sworn against a power he never acknowledged." His case may be taken for that of thousands who are every day being naturalized. If foreigners must be citizenized, why not make them disown the powers they do acknowledge in particular, (if any) instead of those they do not? For example, Papists never owe allegiance to any government which in its turn does not acknowledge the temporal and spiritual supre-

macy of the Pope; they often pretend to take oaths of loyalty to the State in which they may live, but under those circumstances every priest they meet has it in his power at any moment to absolve them from all obligations thereto.

The only way to get rid of this evil, is by allowing none of them a chance to perjure themselves. On this subject the Rev. John Brown, the learned Commentator, has the following appropriate remarks, that are much to the point in the present case. "Oaths in our country, are almost become of no use, with many, but to ensnare their souls,, and dishonor God. *None are readier to take them, than those who intend to break them at the first opportunity*" &c.

The two great classes of foreigners, who arrive here daily are Papists, and Protestants, the former have a large majority, and are bound by their sacramental oaths, to uphold the spiritual and temporal power of the Pope, or Prince of Rome, (whose unbounded ambition, aims at universal empire, his motto being still, "*semper eadum*,") against all, and every existing power, with which he may come into contact; and if they fail to do so, they are fully assured, that their "manifest destiny" will without doubt, be worse, than the unquenchable fires of purgatory. Papists born on the soil are equally dangerous, with the worst foreigners, as they are bound in like manner to uphold the Papal Supremacy, in the widest sense of the term; see Brownson's Review and other ultramontane popish journals, published in this country, with the full approbation (printed on their covers,) of the Roman Hierarchy in America. This phase of foreignism might even be considered the most dangerous, were it not for its numerical weakness. In my opinion, foreigners have no right whatever, to enjoy those privileges, that naturally belong to native citizens. All they ought to expect should be equal rights before the law, without the liberty of controlling it. The natives of any country that has been civilized, who are not, willingly, under a temporal or spiritual despotism, may safely be presumed to know, what kind of laws, are *best suited* to the manners and

customs, as well as the national and historical position of the land in which they live and are acquainted with from birth.

Protestant foreigners, as a body, are willing to forego the rights of citizenship, in order that their children, in the *first* generation, may by *birth,* come into possession of an uncontaminated Protestant free Republic. Their position as a class, is materially different from that of the Papists, in both a civil and a religious point of view; yet still there may be a majority of them who inherit as it were by birth certain partialities, innocent in themselves and perfectly justifiable in the countries to which they belong; but yet are unsuited to the position of this great Republic; for that reason, and no other, would it be proper to exclude them in common with all foreigners, from all participation in the Elective Franchise. As a class they are most friendly to the Constitution of this country, and would do everything which lay in their power to preserve it against all enemies.

Why will Americans still continue to leave open their gates of citizenship to foreigners, indiscriminately, when for one friend, there are more than twenty foes pass in at the same time, whose object in doing so is *not* to preserve, but to betray the citadel of the American Constitution, into the hands of that sworn enemy of Liberty, by whom they have been sent for that purpose, in order more effectually to destroy the palladium of American freedom? It is now high time that Americans should close their gates against the enemy, who still continues to come in like a flood, threatening with utter destruction, the very foundation of American principles.

Letter IV.

The American movement and its enemies—The principle of the American Revolution and its future prospects—The danger of Popery as seen in its present appearance and past history.

I AM glad to find by corroborative evidence from the differ-

ent sections of this great Union that the American party has taken such deep root in its own native soil, and that from the smallest of plants, it has now become as the towering and majestic oak, beneath whose shadow shall yet repose in safety, those true sons of Freedom, by whom it has been nourished.

The American movement now presents such a bold, deter mined front to its combined enemies of Popish Despots, Red Republicans, and Native Traitors, as for a time, to have completely paralyzed their efforts against it; they look as though they had been stunned by its first appearance—their position resembles that of a gang of robbers who have been discovered in their cave by a superior force while in the act of dividing the prey taken by them from honest men, who have at last come upon them in what they considered their inaccessible retreat. Yet we are told that the men by whom this important discovery has lately been made, are all profound Know-Nothings. Of that, however, I shall say nothing, but leave the subject with a discriminating public, until such times when actions shall speak louder than words.

There is now a comparative calm, but it is only that which presages the coming of a mighty tempest, that shall uproot the miserable undergrowth of foreign and domestic traitors that surrounded, and by its influence, endeavored to destroy the noble tree of liberty.

The old wire-pulling politicians are now beginning to cast down their nets into the sea of American freedom; but they might as well save themselves the trouble, and hold on to the usual Irish and German poodles, to which they have been hitherto accustomed. After next November, a great many of them may be seen in a most disconsolate condition, wandering about the piers of public opinion, with the old cry, "We have toiled all the night and caught nothing;" and very likely never will for their days are numbered.

The American Revolution was pre-eminently founded on the principle of freedom, but true liberty itself, is the abiding essence of Protestantism; without it the Revolutionary struggle would have

proved a complete failure. Had not the stern uncompromising patriots of 1776 possessed that self-reliance which ever characterizes the enlightened Protestant, who is free from the fetters of priestcraft, they would no doubt have perished when they made their noble efforts to deliver their native land from the despotism of a foreign cabinet, when it invaded their civil and political rights, by imposing taxation without representation. From Grimke, a distinguished American orator, I take the following extract with regard to this subject:

"The prime of life came, and the principles of the Reformation taught them that Independence was a right and a duty when civil and political liberty was invaded. The gordian knot of colonial obedience was severed—a fierce struggle for the mastery ensued, and it pleased the Almighty that the victory should be ours. That victory was a consequence, however remote— a triumph, however unlooked for, of the Reformation.

"The spirit of inquiry, first principles, thinking, reasoning, were the very essence, the genius of the Reformation in the age of Luther. The same were the essence of the Revolution under Washington. The Protestant nations have surpassed all the rest of the European family in the depth and comprehensiveness, in the sublimity and beauty, in the richness and variety of their literature and science. Britain, the guardian angel of the liberty of Europe, the vanguard of civilization and freedom in the old world.

> 'She in the soul of man her better wealth—
> The richest, nature's noblest produce, she
> The immortal mind in perfect height and strength
> Bears with a prodigal opulence.'

"And we, the only offspring nation ever bore, worthy of such ancestry; we must not—we cannot, we shall not rest satisfied with inferiority to English fame, in science and literature. The spirit of inquiry—first principles, thought and reasoning; these are the causes which, under circumstances, singularly felicitous, have made her in power and glory, in wisdom and virtue, in wealth, happiness, freedom and knowledge, the greatest of Euro-

pean States, whether ancient or modern. And the same causes shall enable us still more fortunate in situation at our appointed day of meridian excellence, to ascend a loftier height of power and glory—of wisdom and virtue—of wealth, happiness, freedom and knowledge, than England has ever attained. She has accomplished all that an European people, subjects of a limited monarchy can attain, under the transforming regenerating influence of the Reformation. She is the Rome of the modern world, but has far excelled the imperial republic of antiquity. We shall accomplish still more in effecting all that an American people, citizens of a confederacy of republics can perform, under the combined influence of the Reformation and of our Revolution. We shall be the Greece of the modern world, unrivalled by the literature of three thousand years. All, indeed, that the system of the Reformers can bring to pass, our country, the holy land of religious liberty —the only promised land of political freedom, shall assuredly accomplish. Then shall our country be emphatically, pre-eminently, the empire of mind, the republic of letters."

Such are, I consider, the sentiments of all true Americans, both with regard to their native country, and of Old England, the fatherland of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

Since the arrival and departure of Bedini, the papists under clerical directions, have been making strenuous efforts to destroy the liberties of this (in most cases,) their adopted country, by having nearly all their " churches" or mass houses armed, to be in readiness to enact, if possible, a second St. Bartholomew's day, when the bell of St. Germain shall begin to toll the well-known preconcerted signal, as was the case on the eve of that fatal day which proved so fully the real nature of popery. When the Pope heard of it having occurred, he caused a solemn Te Deum to be sung, and medals struck off in honor of so glorious an event. The affair was conducted with the greatest secrecy until it had actually taken place, for on the eve of that day there was

"Joy in the palaces—joy in the streets!
Joyful the papist, the Huguenot greets."

But in the morning the treacherous smile of popery had disappeared, and there was

"Death in the palaces—death in the streets,
No sparing nor mercy, the Huguenot meets."

But be it known to all and singular, that such practices shall not be so easily carried out in this country as some papists may imagine, for there stands in these United States and Canada, a body of men firmly united in one vast phalanx, and fully prepared for the emergencies of any case that may occur. They are descended from the men who defended their rights victoriously in Piedmont, Leyden, Rochelle, Marston Moor, and Naseby, Drumclog, the Boyne, and Bunker's Hill. They are now on this North American continent—in the "land of the free, and the home of the brave," an invincible quadruple alliance of the old Waldense Covenanter, Puritan and Huguenot, ready to stand sublime, making tyrants crouch before them, whether foreign or domestic, spiritual or temporal.

As a matter of sound policy, it is incumbent on all who value liberty, whether civil or religious, to keep a constant watch on the movements of popery, that withering curse of nations, and hateful cause, whose blighting influence has laid low the glory of many a lofty State and flourishing Empire, which has extinguished pride and manly honor and patriotism, stealing like a bitter draught the intellect and the heart, lulling the mind into a death stupor; verily the sleep of Circe, which has enervated the vigor of Republics, the fortitude and magnificence of Monarchies, crumbling at once into ruin the traditionary splendors and historic glory of Spain, Portugal, the old German Empire, of Genoa, Venice and Florence, where amid the licentiousness, the purple criminality, and infernal orgies of the Borgias, despite the fulminations and anathemas, hurled by the obscene and lustful pontiff, known in history as Alexander VI, the voice of the heroic martyr, Savonarola, the Luther of the South, warned the youth of Italy from following the tenets of papal doctrine.

"Lasciate ogni speranze voi chi entrate"—DANTE.

Where is now the once noble blood of Castile and Arragon? Echo answers where! But the voice of history saith that it has disappeared amid the smoke of the "Auto da Fe's" of desolated Spain and been destroyed beneath the iron wheel of the Inquisition Juggernaut, even by that system which has degraded the fair face of many an ancient and noble land on the continent and islands of Europe and wherever else it may have been permitted to exist.

Letter V.

Patriotism of Protestant Foreigners—Sketches of Presbyterian and Episcopalian reminiscences.

THERE is a certain principle implanted in the human soul by which we become attached to the land that gave us birth, and the individual who possesses not this feeling, is unworthy to be called a man. In the language of Sir Walter Scott:

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who, never to himself hath said;
> This is my own—my native land,
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
> As home his footsteps he hath turned,
> From wandering on a foreign strand."

On these grounds precisely, I uphold the native American movement, inasmuch that I consider it to be in obedience with the noblest instincts of our nature. As a foreigner, I have no right to claim from the citizens of this country, privileges that I should feel bound to deny them in my own, on account of their foreign birth.

In the case of Protestant foreigners who arrive here, they are from the very nature of their religious belief, most friendly to the constitutional freedom so fully developed in this country; but in the meanwhile you must not expect, that even the mighty billows of the broad and deep Atlantic can wash out the memory

of early associations; for even in death they return with all that vividness by which they were distinguished in the light of former days. Lord Byron in the dying Gladiator, has the following:

> "He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away;
> He reck'd not of the life he lost or prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
> There were his young barbarians all at play—
> There was their Daeian mother!—he their sire,
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
> All this rushed with his blood."

We are informed that when the 42nd Regt. Scottish Highlanders were at Buenos Ayres, in British service, one of them had made up his mind to remain in that place on account of the great fertility of the soil, when one of his companions hearing of it came with the bagpipes, and without saying anything, sat down beside him, and played "Lochaber nae mair," on which he instantly started to his feet, exclaiming:

"What! Lochaber nae mair! I maun gang back," and back he went to the sterile hills of Padenook there to mingle with the dust of his ancestors. It is also related that when the clan of Mc Donald came to Glengary in Canada, those hardy weather beaten men wept for the first time, when they found that the mountains of Canada refused to grow their native heather which they had brought with them for that purpose. The Scottish Highlander does not forget his "bonnie Highland heither," and the old Ingleside; nor does the Lowlander forget the land of the "thistle and bonnie blue bell" and those deeper religious associations that are so intimately connected with the

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Land of my sires!"—

The Scottish and Irish Covenanters remember well the time when perhaps they walked with a much-loved father, mother. grandfather, or other friend to the House of Prayer, some old white Meeting House with its neat enclosure and rustic pathway, locally termed *lonin*, leading from the highway in the rural dis-

tricts of Antrim, Down, or Derry—or in the glens and valleys of Scotland, when they could say in the words of the Psalmist;

"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates O Jerusalem."

They do not forget that when leaving home, an aged father, or grandfather, brought forth from its accustomed place, the old and well-used family Bible, and read therefrom for the last time one of those living lessons of faith and practice that should guide the wandering footsteps of his children in foreign lands, when far away from the homes of their brethren, and the graves of their fathers—and when perhaps all joined in singing a part of the ninetieth Psalm, Scottish version, to the "Martyrs" tune, and also the second Scripture Paraphrase in the same book; after which they were commended to the care of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, and in conclusion, while the tear of parental solicitude dimmed the eyes of their aged parent, they received the paternal benediction in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, and of their Covenanted fathers. They were then given with the well-known autograph on the title page, a copy of the Holy Scriptures having the Scottish Psalms attached; and perhaps an edition of that well-known book, the Scots' Worthies by Howie of Lochgoin, with the positive injunction never to forget the God of their fathers, in that land to which they were going, for in the language of the Psalmist.—

"His testimony and his law,
In Israel he did place,
And charged our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race;

That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know,
And sons unborn who should arise
Might to their sons them show."

Even in this land they still retain those religious usages that were common among their pious forefathers in the days that tried men's souls, and wherever twenty of them can conveniently assemble, there will be found either a Scotch or Reformed Presby-

terian Church with the old version of the Psalms of David, the Covenant, and Scotland.

The honest Saxon Churchman, and the uncompromising Scotch-Irish Presbyterian of the Lagan valley, remember equally with fond regret, the days of other years that never shall return. The former, as he attended with his family, the old Parish Church, with its ivy-clad walls and solemn Sabbath bell. Its row of ancient and stately trees, with the neat enclosure surrounding the old grave-yard, where lies in honorable repose the ashes of his fathers from before the Commonwealth. Its neatly graded avenue, with a row of trees on either side, leading through the monuments of mortality to the venerable building; and where from the old church-yard gate, while attending the burial of his relatives and friends, he has so often met the Minister of religion in his white surplice, reciting in a solemn manner the beautiful service appointed by the Episcopal church for the burial of the dead, commencing with the words of Christ, "I am the resurrection and the life, whosoever believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." and then following the prophetic exclamation of Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand on the earth at the latter day," and when the interment has been finished, that scriptural and Calvinistic form of sound words is appropriately brought to a close with the Apostolic benediction.

Letter VI.

The Protestants of Ireland and their position in 1848—*Reminiscences of the Irish Orangemen, with observations on the same.*

In Ulster I well recollect that high-souled enthusiasm which animated the hearts of her sons and daughters on the anniversary of that bright auspicious day which celebrated the triumph of our fathers over popish despotism as the *ruling* power of the land.

On the 12th of July, 1848, there arose with the rising of the sun until the setting of the same, one stern determined voice in Ulster, from the routes and glens of Antrim to the rock bound coasts of Donegal, and from the smiling valleys and mountain passes of Derry to the border mountain range of Mourne in Down, even to Dolly's Brae, that Ireland should be free from the Lundies and the Mitchels, and the mixed multitude of traitors and felons, who from lack of individual industry, are ever found warring against the existing institutions of any free country, either on their own personal accounts or as agents of some foreign or despotic influence. The voice of Ulster went up before high heaven that popery should *never again trample* on the Protestant faith in Ireland, for the Saxon sword and Scottish claymore were ready in in the "red right hand of Ulster" to avenge (if attacked) the deeds of other days. Yea, by the ashes of Smithfield under Mary the bloody, and the crimson heather of Scotland, under Charles the faithless, and the deserted homes of France under Louis the unprincipled, and also by the drowned victims of Portadown Bridge, in the county of Armagh, In 1641, and by the burned victims of Scullabogue Barn, in the County of Wexford in 1798, and by the blood of our martyred forefathers who fell in mortal fight at Derry, at Aughrim, at Enniskillen and the Boyne, whilst nobly defendiug their rights and our lives to live as freemen, and not as slaves bound beneath the iron hoof of popery when it sought to trample under foot their dearest liberties, and through them that of their descendants, but no, the wily foe was baffled, for after the great Irish Massacre of 1641, when popery thought to have murdered the whole Protestant race in Ireland by *organized gangs of midnight assassins*, such enormities were then committed as would have even put the red Indian to the blush. There has been a full account of that infernal transaction written by Sir John Temple, one of the lords justices of Ireland about that time, Reid's history of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, and also by many other writers whose veracity no one can impeach.

The Irish Orangeman remembers well the green glens of An-

trim and Tyrone, with the hills, valleys, and towns of Ulster, where in company with his brethren he has so often unfurled the bright banner of his fathers, the Orange and Scottish true Blue, accompanied by the deep rolling of the double drum and the shrill whistle of the fife, to the "Protestant Boys" and the "Boyne Water," with other tunes equally commemorative of the heroism displayed by their gallant ancestry in days of other years, when they fought as only free men dare to fight, and died as only freemen die. The memories of the glorious dead, crowd upon us, and the "No Surrender" defiance of Derry's matchless apprentice boys, who like "guardian angels their vigils keep" on their time-honored ramparts. The historian's page will bring their memories to view as monuments of enduring greatness, when the sons of unlawful rebellion will scarcely be discerned iu dim perspective. Israel's God who parted the crimson flood for his chosen, remembered with the men of Derry his covenant of mercy, and when Popery attempted to seduce their allegiance from the Protestant faith, he inspired them to cry out "No Surrender." Whilst the names of many of the young men of the present day deserve no more lasting memorial than to be written on the sands of the beach, which the first wave will efface, Derry's sons should be engraven on the tablets of the heart, there to remain in everlasting remembrance. Famine and disease, as the angel of death, swept with her dark wings that devoted city—the grandfather, the mother, and the babe, all died together; but the smile of joy shone upon the cheek of death, for they believed that with our hearts' best blood we would guard the rights for which they died. Imagine the sainted Walker ascending the pulpit in warrior costume, preaching the living lessons of faith, hope, and repentance, while the crimson flag of distress floats on the air, and the beacon fire which tells of murder, blazes by night, the funereal knell of thousands to their graves beneath, yet still surrender was never breathed. Can those beatified spirits look down from their bright abodes and see the truckling and time-serving of many in the present generation? If so, do they

not, as with cloven tongues of fire, to each heart exclaim, "base recreant descendants, we bequeathed you privileges at the sacrifice of our lives, and you have sold them for a mess of Popish pottage. Was it for you to endow Jesuit colleges we famished? Was it for the exclusion of the Bible and a Popish national education we bled? Was it for the propagation of the idolatry we died? No, verily not.

The Irish Orangeman reflects with due ancestral pride on the halo which surrounds Aughrim's lofty hills, the Boyne's silvery wave, Derry's rampart walls, and Enniskillen's chivalry, and looks forward with pleasure to the time which the Lord hath appointed, when the abominations of Popery shall disappear from the earth before an open Bible, as the clouds of night before the rising sun. Then shall the hymning spheres and morning stars usher in a flood of Protestant glory, before which will pale the splendor of Marathon, and the halo of Thermopylæ.

That place is well remembered where Churchman and Covenanter met, to renew their solemn vows of eternal friendship, in which they were pledged to defend each other to the last extremity against their common enemy, whose ribbon oath, by priestly orders, had bound, at any favorable opportunity, to "walk knee deep in Protestant blood." I may here mention to American Protestants, that Irish Papists consider themselves as much bound to obey their Jesuit leaders here as they were beyond the sea, and that they are ever ready, on any occasion, to give a practical proof of their sincerity to the cause, which binds them to the extirpation of hesesy; the end always justifying the means when the interests of the Church are concerned. See Cardinal Bellarmine and other Popish Doctors, whose metaphysical abstractions in certain points, far eclipse those of Messrs. Philosopher Greeley & Co., the great Pioneers in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. These gentlemen, being pronounced by competent judges in that line, as ahead of all competition; having arrived at such an altitude in the moral heavens, they now look down with perfect astonishment, and innocently inquire why contending elements

should ever meet so as to disturb the serenity of their position while theorizing on some undiscovered ism.

Letter VII.

The Irish Massacre of 1641, *with a few details of the same, from the affidavits that have been preserved in the Library of Trinity College Dublin—The Battle of the Boyne,* 1690—*Historical illustrations of the practical operations of Popery.*

From McCrie's sketches of Church History, I take the following extract, relating to the Irish Massacre of 1641:

" Religious rancor, goaded by superstition, lent its energies to this design. The ignorant natives schooled by their priests into the belief that they would merit heaven by putting the heretics to death, received the sacrament before commencing the work of carnage, and swore they would not leave a Protestant alive in the kingdom. The Protestants of Ulster were attacked with a savage ferocity unparalleled in the annals of the world. No mercy was shown to sex, rank, age or infancy. The mother was reserved only to see her helpless children butchered befere her eyes, and then to suffer the same fate. Some wretches were prevailed on by promise of life to become executioners of their dearest relatives, and after having incurred this tremendous guilt were executed in their turn. Others, after being tempted by promise of life to disown their faith, and conform to the popish rites, were coolly told that lest they should relapse, it would be charity to send them immediately to heaven, and were forthwith put to death. In these tragicial scenes, the women, under the influence of " religious" frenzy were as active as the men,and mere children, hardly able to wield the knife, were urged by their parents to stain their little hands in blood. But time would fail us to recount the cruelties and indignities committed on the unhappy Protestants.

" The bare mention of these execrable atrocities is enough to

make the ears tingle. Not to speak of the multitudes who perished in the field of battle, and in dungeons, thousands were driven into the water like so many beasts, and knocked on the head, or shot, if they attempted to swim for their lives. Others were dragged through the water with ropes about their necks. Others were buried alive. Others were hung up by the arms, and gradually slashed to death, to see how many blows an Englishman would endure before he died. Women were ripped up, and their children were thrown to the swine to be devoured before their eyes, or being taken by the heels had their brains dashed out against a tree, while others were found in the fields, sucking the breasts of their murdered mothers, and without mercy, were buried alive. Multitudes were enclosed in houses, which being set on fire, were miserably consumed in the flames, or cut to pieces in attempting to escape. These fearful butcheries, (the half of which has not been told) were accompanied with the most hellish blasphemies and imprecations on the part of the murderers, and the most heart-rending shrieks, and lamentations from the terrified victims, presents a scene unparalleled in British history, and equal only in horror to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in France."

There is not space enough to enumerate the unheard of cruelties that have been practiced on the Irish Protestants, since the Reformation, by the blood-thirsty agents of Popery. The fiendish cruelties that have been committed full over thirty-two folio volumes in the Library of Trinity College, where the affidavits concerning them have been preserved. From October 23rd, 1641, to September 15, 1643 (not two full years) above 300,000 Protestants were massacred or expelled from Ireland by the Papists! All Ireland, north, south, east and west, was simultaneously lighted with fires. On May 29th 1641 more than 40,000 perished, and a plenary indulgence was granted to the murderers by Pope Urban VIII!

The Ulster Plantation became a field of blood; the very rivers were defiled with floating corpses. At Portadown Bridge,

1,000 Protestants were, hurled into the river Bann, and those who swam to the opposite shore were shot from the banks. At Armagh 4,000 were thus drowned. In Cavan twelve miles of the high road were crimsoned like a butcher's block. Torture in all its ingenuity succeeded the outbreak. Popish children were taught to hack the quivering little limbs of Protestant children! Whole families were buried alive, and the cry of a young boy "Mama! Mama!" from his living grave was greeted with a yell of laughter, till the heaped up earth stifled his voice! The shrieks of the burned were music in the ears of these unhuman murderers.

The Protestants everywhere mingled with the Papists on the most friendly terms, and, without any real, or assumed superiority; the consequence was, that they were so completely surprised and terrified by the suddeness of the outbreak, that they were incapable of making any combined efforts for their mutual defence. Those who heard of the commotion in their neighborhood remained at home to protect their families and property, and thus fell one by one, an easy prey to the papists

Mr. Rowley Lascelles, in his valuable *official* Reports. "Liber Munerum Publicorum Hibernæ" printed 1826, records the following useful and authentic facts, which will amply explain why the penal laws were *subsequently* rigorously enacted against the Papists—not because they were of a different form of religion, but because no man's life was safe from their conspiracies and horrible plots :—"Upon the repulse of Sir Phelim O'Neill from the castle of Augher, he ordered *all* the British *Protestants in three adjacent parishes to be put to the sword.* Upon his defeat at Lisburn, Lord Caulfield, O'Neill's former host, and fifty other prisoners, were murdered. Others of the prisoners, on pretence of being forwarded to the nearest British Settlement, were goaded forward like beasts of burden by their guards; some were enclosed in a house or castle to which fire was set, with a savage indifference to their cries and a fiendish like triumph over their expiring agonies, *the Priests everywhere encouraging these deeds by their presence.*"

Such is the dreadful but true statement made by the late Mr. Rowley Lascelles, who was appointed some years since to examine the Irish State Records and Rolls.

It would be painful to narrate the demoniac deeds of this unprovoked rebellion, but in order that the origin of the penal laws may be fully understood, the following extract from the " Annals of Ireland " with the official evidence is given:

" By Sir Phelim O'Neill's, express order Lieut. James Maxwell, brother to Dr. Robert Maxwell, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, was dragged out of his bed in the height of a burning fever, driven two miles, and then murdered; his wife great with child, stripped stark naked and drowned in the Blackwater, the child half born. Mr. Starkey, aged an hundred years, was, with his two daughters stripped naked, the daughters forced to support and lead their father and having gone three quarters of a mile they were all then drowned in a turf pit" (*Dr. Maxwell's Examination p.* 9. *and Examination of Capt. John Perkins of the Co. Tyrone, pp.* 5. 7)

" Five hundred Protestants were murdered at Armagh, besides forty-eight families in the parish of Killiman" (*Capt. Perkin's Examinatian p.* 6. *and Anthony Straffords Examination at Armagh p.* 2.)

" Three hundred Protestants were stripped naked and put into the church of Loughgall, whereof about an hundred were murdered in the church, amongst whom was John Gregg, who was quartered, and his quarters thrown in the face of his father Richard Gregg. The said Richard Gregg was then murdered, having received seventeen or eighteen wounds; his body was then quartered in presence of his wife, who made this affidavit before the Commissioners appointed for the purpose of ascertaining the cruelties practiced by the rebels " (*See Borlase Appendix. p.* 111.)

" Fifteen hundred Protestants were murdered in three parishes in the Co. Armagh" (*James Shaw's Examination, p.* 1)

"Two and twenty Protestants were put into a thatched house in the parish of Kilmore and then burned alive " (*Examina-*

tion of Smith, Clerk, Fillis, Stanhaw, Tullerton, Machet, of the Co. Armagh)

"The Rev. Mr. Robinson, his wife and three children were drowned. Mr. William Blundell was drawn by the neck in a rope up and down the Blackwater, at Charlemont, to make him confess his money, and in three weeks after, he, with his wife and seven children were drowned.

" Forty four other persons were murdered at several times in the same place, where, among other horrible acts a woman was compelled to hang her own husband (*Examination of Edward Saltenstal, George Littlefield, and Margaret Bromley of Armagh. —See Borlase's Appendix p* 110.

" One hundred and eighty Protestants were drowned at the bridge of Callon, and one hundred more in a Lough near Ballymacilmorrough." (*Examination of Capt. Anthony Strafford at Armagh. p.* 2.

" Fifty Protestants were murdered at Blackwater church. The wife of Arnold Taylor, great with child, had her belly ripped up, and was then drowned—Thomas Mason was burned alive ;—the brains of three Protestants were knocked out with a hatchet in the church of Benburb;—eight women were drowned in the river near the same church—Mrs. Howland and Mrs. Franklin (both great with child) were murdered with six of their children (*Examinations of Tillis, Stanhaw, Frankland, Smith, Clerk, Price, Tullerton, Harcourt and Parry of the Co. Armagh.*)

" In the Co. of Tyrone, the Rev. John Mather, and the Rev. Mr. Blythe, though they had Sir Phelim O'Neill's protection, were murdered with *sixty Protestant families* of the town of Dungannon" (*Examinations of John Perkins Esq. of the Co. Tyrone and Capt. Anthony Strafford of the Co. Armagh.*)

" Between Charlemont and Dungannon about 400 were murdered. &c. &c.

"In this dreadful persecution those who through fear, though few in number, had conformed to Popery did not escape the fury of the rebels—but they were the last that were cut

off. The rebels, about this time, lest they should be charged with more murders than they committed, commanded their *Priests* to bring in a true account of them—from which it appeared, that from the 23rd of October 1641, to the month of March 1643, *one hundred and fifty-four thousand Protestants were murdered* (*Dr. Maxwells Examination p* 7)

On the confession of the perpetrators ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FOUR THOUSAND WERE MURDERED!!! Pages—volumes, might be filled with these dreadful deeds, which were perpetrated under the sacred name of religion, which was used as a means of hardening the heart to the cries of suffering humanity.

Hume in the sixth volume of his History, page 410 to 436, styles this insurrection as a rebellion without provocation, to be held in perpetual detestation and abhorence. The "heretics," as abhorred of God, were marked out by the priests for slaughter; and, of all actions to rid the world of these declared enemies to Romish faith and piety it was represented as the most meritorious deed; and while the victims were in the agonies of death, the shouts and imprecations of their demoniac assassins rung in their ears, that their present sufferings were but the commencement of eternal torments.

The greater part of Ireland was at the mercy of the Papists in 1642; the life and property of no Protestant was safe and the Bible was everywhere burnt or destroyed in the most ignominious manner.

Well indeed has it been observed by Mosheim in his appendix to the Ecclesiastical History of the 18th Century, page 59, that the "maintenance of all liberty, civil and religious, depends on circumscribing Popery within proper bounds, since Popery is not a system of innocent speculative opinions, but a *yoke of despotism*, an enormous mixture of priestly and princely tyranny designed *to enslave the consciences of mankind and destroy their most sacred and invaluable rights.*"

Such is the Popish system fully carried out. Shortly after

all this happened, the Lord remembered his people in mercy, by sending his servant, Cromwell, with the sword of justice, to smite the murderer in his blood—even that man who made Inquisitors to tremble, and caused the name and flag of England to be respected by even her greatest and most powerful enemies. He came as a second Joshua, to go in and possess the land for the wickedness of them that dwelt therein, and that they of the Protestant faith might dwell therein with safety. But still, the Canaanite dwelt in the land, and after thirty years of comparative peace, they rebelled again when Cromwell was no more.

Then there rose a noble scion of the House of Orange like a second royal David, whom worthy Britons called from his native land and elected to be their king. In his days did the righteous flourish, for he was a terror to evil doers and a praise to them that do well. He trampled the dragon and chained the tiger of popish despotism in Great Britain. He came to Ireland, and with him the gallant Hollanders and the noble but persecuted Huguenots, under their valiant leaders, Schomberg, de Ginckel and Caillemote; to these were added the hardy Ulster, Scots and English settlers who came by the memories of their fathers' blood. With thirty thousand in all of such Protestant heroes, William in person led his men to the decisive battle of the Boyne, where with every disadvantage, he crossed the river and defeated an enemy of sixty thousand on the opposite banks, in the heart of a popish country which had risen up to sustain its purjured king. There are many incidents connected with that battle, which are as household words in the homesteads of Ulster, and of the Protestants of Ireland. From Belsham's History of England, I take the following short extract relating to that engagement: "M. Caillemotte a French refugee officer of great merit received a mortal wound at the head of his Regiment, and was carried back to the English camp; meeting the Huguenots crossing the river he encouraged them by exclaiming: "*A la gloire mes enfans—a la gloire.*" The Duke of Schomberg, (an aged man of over fourscore years, who had spent more than half a centnry in defence of Holland, his na-

tive country, against papal intolerance), perceiving the French Protestants exposed, and in some disorder from the loss of their Commander, passed the river in haste without his armor, and with all the ardor of youth put himself at their head. But the battle in this quarter being peculiarly hot and bloody, the Marshall fell in a very short time. This celebrated personage was regarded as one of the first military characters of the age, and he possessed all the virtues and accomplishments of a hero. Walker, the clergyman who had rendered himself so famous by his defence of Derry, also lost his life in this action, gloriously combatting in the cause of his country. The courage, activity, and presence of mind of king William, himself, were extremely conspicuous during the whole of this engagement, in the course of which he repeatedly charged the enemy sword in hand. The Irish now quitted the field with precipitation. William, also recalling his troops from the pursuit, expressing himself averse to the unnecessary effusion of blood." Thus ended the famous battle of the Boyne on the 1st of July, (O. S.) 1690, which is enshrined on the hearts of the Irish Protestants as one of the most noble deeds of their fathers in days of auld lang syne.

Now, one word in conclusion. Can we, either as Irish or American Protestants, remain unmoved, when we witness our forefathers' sufferings, in order to transmit to us the Bible and Protestant Freedom? Let us look at Popery as we find her emblazoned on the page of History in characters of blood, and letters of fire. About the year 1160, there were murdered a million of the Waldenses by papists; in the year 1567 and shortly afterwards, from five to six hundred thousand Protestants had to fly from their homes in the Netherland, to escape the tyranny of popery, eighteen thousand of whom fell by the hands of the common executioner, besides the sixty thousand men of Breziers all under the Duke of Alva as Deputy of Spain; in 1572 was the great massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, by which over a million perished in a very short time. In 1641 was the great Irish Protestant massacre of two hundred thousand. With these

facts staring us in the face, let us be prepared to meet the common enemy, whose thirst for blood is merely delayed from motives of expediency. See "Shepherd of the Valley" and other such pious guardians of the flock. Are we not all the children of the Glorious Reformation? Hath not one God created us, and wherefore should we deal treachorously, even any of us, by forsaking the Covenant which the Lord made with our fathers, when he delivered them from the Egyptian bondage-house of popish tyranny? As sons of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Cranmer, Whitfield or Wesley, let us be up and doing, for the day is far spent and the night is at hand.

> "The night is gathering gloomily and the day is closing fast
> The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast."

Let our mottoes be: "E. pluribus unum," and "Excelsior," to which may be added the good old Irish Protestant watchword: "No Surrender;" with these three, victory is certain.

Letter VIII.

The Irish Rebellions and Confiscations of Desmond in 1580, *and Tyrone in* 1641, *with some notices of the "Patriots" concerned therein, and the motives by which they were actuated.*

It has ever been the practice of popery to promote civil discord and dissension in all countries where Protestant influence has predominated. In Ireland the real opposition to England never began until after the Protestant Reformation had commenced. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the O'Neill's were the principle agents used in carrying on the religious wars under the special guidance of Romish Priests and Jesuits. It was not that they hated England because she was a foreign power, but from the fact of her being the bulwark of Protestantism. If she had remained a popish country, and continued as degraded as they, through the

same influence had become, no true Irish Papist would ever have objected to the "foreign yoke" which had been imposed upon the country when Pope Adrian IV., for the suppression of the ancient Irish church aud nation, handed over both to the "lordship" of popish England.

There have been about fifty attempts at rebellion; the greater part of which are directly traceable to Romish intrigue. There is a fact worthy of notice that on all these occasions a general massacre of the Protestant inhabitants, especially of natives, has been the principal object, while *English papists have never been touched,* If it had been a pure question of nationality, why acknowledge the sovereignty of the Prince of Rome, and deny that of England? But the fact has always been, and still is, that no papist ever was or can be a true Irishman, a true Englishman, a true Frenchman, a true Italian or a true American. All papists, outside the "States of the Church," are mere nondescripts, having neither God or country. They have, however, a Goddess with some three thousand inferior deities; the former they address "Hail Mary MOTHER of God and Queen of Heaven, pray for us." The inferior deities, or demi-Gods, are made up of such characters as Sts. Thomas Aquinas, Thomas a'Becket, Francis Zavier, Ignatius Loyola, Alphonsus Liguori, Dennis, Dunstan Bernard, &c.

It may be necessary here to illustrate the effect of the Romish intrigues by adverting to some of the rebellions, whose histories prove that these insurrections did not arise from what has been unjustly called "Protestant bigotry," and at the same time demonstrate that the confiscations which took place were the inevitable result of treason on the broadest and most dangerous scale. Whenever these confiscations are alluded to by the vitriolic patriots of the present day, their cause is studiously concealed. the direful civil wars and desolations, kept up by Romish emissaries, such as Papal Nuncios, Vicars *Apostolic*, Jesuit Propagandists, Mendicant Friars, &c. It is never even hinted that life as well as property was forfeited for unprovoked and bloody rebellions, *always aided by foreign invasions.*

About the year 1580, Stukely, an adventurer of English birth, went from Ireland to Rome, at the instance of Pope Gregory XIII., to have a son of the Pope, Giacomo Buoncompagno made king of Ireland. The Pope created Stukely, Marquis of Leinster, Earl of Wexford, and Carlow, and Baron of Ross. One thousand Italian robbers were pardoned by the Pope on consideration of their aiding Stukely's design. Philip of Spain agreed to pay this banditti, not being then aware that the Pope's son was his rival for the sovereignty of Ireland. Stukely was killed in Africa along with Don Sebastian, whom he had accompanied on an expedition, on the promise of subsequent aid and from Portugal, in Ireland.

Fitzmaurice (Geraldine) in conjunction with Saunders, an English Ecclesiastic, and Allen an Irish priest, prevailed on the Pope to organize another invasion of Ireland. A bull was drawn up, and addressed to all the prelates and princes exhorting them to assist Fitzmaurice; a banner was solemnly consecrated; Saunders was invested with the dignity of Legate; a holy benediction was pronounced, and with supplies of money the "*Champions of the faith, in defence of the holy Church*" were sent to Philip, who was to provide the necessary armament. After landing in Kerry with eighty Spaniards, and some English and Irish fugitives, they were joined by the Earl of Desmond, after carrying on a most harrassing warfare on one occasion, surprising and destroying 200 Protestant soldiers. The *Papal* banner was hoisted; 700 Spaniards and Italians arrived as a reinforcement, with arms and ammunition for 5000 men, and with a considerable sum of money. The *Papal* troops defeated the Deputy, Lord Grey at Glendalough; and it was not until a considerable naval and military armament was sent from England, that this Popish invasion was subdued. Desmond, the chief of the insurrection, was killed in a hut, to which he had fled as a fugitive, by one Kelly, his head was brought to the Earl of Ormond, who transmitted it to England, where it was impaled on London Bridge.

The lands forfeited by Desmond's rebellion for the Pope, are said to have amounted to 574,528 acres.

The rebellion of Tirowen, commonly called Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, form a prominent feature in the history of Ireland, like all other Irish insurrections since the Reformation, their avowedly chief object was the *supremacy of the Prince-Bishop of Rome in Ireland, and the dominance of the Romish religion.* O'Neill was restored to favor five times by his acknowledged sovereign, against whom he had rebelled, and Elizabeth not only received him with distinction at her court, and created him Earl of Tyrone, but so pressed her Deputies te be lenient towards him, that he was enabled to prosecute his great rebellion with almost final success. Yet, even after that terrible contest, which cost the Government over £ 200,000. James I., restored him to his lands and honors; after that he rebelled again, and fearing, very properly, that he would not receive forgiveness any more, he fled to Rome or Spain, and there died when his lands reverted to the crown.

Did this conduct look like tyranny on the part of the British Government? Let it be remembered that the rebellions of Tyrone, as well as subsequent insurrections, had not their origin in resistance to tyranny, but in a vehement desire to expel the followers of Martin Luther from Ireland. Tyrone in one of his manifestoes, where he says, "Let us all join together to *deliver the countrie from the infection of heresy*, and for the *planting of the Roman Catholic religion*: if I had gotten to be *King of Ireland*, I should not except the same without the extension of the Catholic religion." The rebellion of 1641 may be taken as a good example of how the country was to be "delivered from heresy," and the "planting of the Roman Catholic religion." Cromwell, on its suppression, confiscated the lands of the rebels, and gave them to those who assisted in the suppression of the most sanguinary bigots that ever lived; when the monarchy was restored, the crown resigned all claims to the forfeited lands. But on James the II., arrival in Dublin, he assembled a Popish parlia-

ment, the first act of which was to justify the rebellion, or rather the appalling massacre of the Protestants in 1641 (a massacre that has no parallel in the annals of *Christian* bigotry, but that of St. Bartholemew.) The Act of Settlement was repealed; the estates of all persons in England, Scotland or Ireland, who would not acknowledge the regal authority of James, were confiscated, an act of attainder was passed by which 2461 persons of rank (and both sexes) were attainted by name: the property of absentees was seized, as was also, that of Trinity College. Any person corresponding with another, who had not acknowledged the new Popish authorities, had his lands confiscated, to ascertain which all letters in the Post-Office were previously opened, and to such a height was the rigor against the Irish Protestants carried, that they were not allowed to meet in greater numbers than two at a time. In all the correspondence, of the rebel leaders, it was still insisted that the Roman Catholic religion should be the established, exclusive, national and *only* religion in Ireland. The war was not therefore merely against English rule, or for ambitious objects. It was a war of religion, and the effects of it amply illustrates the absolute necessity of the penal laws, which were only brought into effective operation when life and property were no longer secure for those who differed from the *Romish* faith.

As a specimen of the pure patriotism entertained by the Irish "patriots," it may be stated that when they took several forts it was asserted that they were "*held for Christ and the king of Spain*" the cant phrase of "Ireland for the Irish" meant nothing more than "Ireland for the Pope."

The Romish Archbishop of Armagh, named Magauran, was one of the principle agents of the Pope for exciting the Irish papists to massacre the Protestants. This warlike prelate was killed in Connaught, where he had gone to organize the forces of Tyrone; so also was a Romish Vicar Apostolic, named Mc.Egan, who issued excommunications against all who should give any quarter to Protestant prisoners. This member of the Church *Militant*

was killed in battle while leading on a troop of cavalry with a sword in one hand and a breviary and beads in the other !

The Popes have granted three or four Bulls to the different parties that have been concerned in the several Irish Protestant massacres. These Bulls gave " plenary pardons, and remission for all their sins," to those who would follow the Papal army of Tyrone, who were described as "*the assertors and champions of the Catholic faith.*"

The real friends of Ireland have been Cromwell, and William of Orange, those great men saw at once through the folly of patronizing a system which had no toleration for anything but itself.

Letter IX.

The American Revolution, and the assistance rendered to it by the Irish Northmen or Protestant-Irish.

We are often told that Catholic Ireland furnished the men of the Pennsylvania company of volunteers in '76. Now, such a statement is utterly at variance with recorded facts ; for though five-sixths of the men were Irish, they were from Protestant Ireland, being the Ulster Scots from Down and Antrim ; a class pre-eminently noted for all that love of liberty which characterized their Scottish forefathers at Bannockburn and Drumclog, from the days of Bruce to Cameron, and their fathers at Derry, and the Boyne, and was exemplified by them in the ranks of the American Patriot Army of 1776. Those men were Irish by birth, and heriditary descent for more than four generations. They lived under the same government, laws, and local institutions as their fellow countrymen ; yet between them there existed the greatest possible difference. The Scotch Irish dwelt in a comparitively sterile region with few natural advantages ; yet, they were not inferior in skill, industry, intelligence and comfort with a due appreciation of re-

ligious and moral freedom, and the blessings of constitutional liberty to the people of any country. They combined in a great degree the prudential thrift and commercial activity of the Scotch; the persevering industry and indomitable self reliance of the English, with the buoyant feelings and generous impulses of Irishmen. The Royal Artillery, the finest military corps in the world by reason of its professional skill, excellent discipline, and high martial bearing, is composed exclusively of those men. Their stern love of truth and probity is such that they are styled at home the "sturdy northerns."

That same spirit is still retained by their descendants in all lands wherever their lot has been cast. They are devoutly attached to the Presbyterian faith of their fathers, and are always found among the warmest supporters of civil and religious liberty. Whilst claiming the perfect enjoyment of it for themselves, they never deny that inestimable privilege from others differing with them, but are ever ready to assist in its universal adoption. Gen. Montgomery, who fell at the seige of Quebec, was of this race, being from Belfast, Antrim, Ireland. Gen. Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, was born shortly after the arrival of his parents from Carrickfergus, the old shire town of Antrim. The *Daily Times*, in an editorial on emigration last winter said: "It was the warm blood of the Scotch Irish that lent a terror to the Kentucky riflemen on the field of battle."

All unprejudiced minds will be open to the historical fact that Ireland has contributed more to the population of the United States than any other nation. In 1646 Irish Presbyterians emigrated to the American colonies in large numbers. In 1729, the historian Dobbs, mentions that no fewer than 3000 males left Ulster yearly for the colonies.

If we refer to the colony of Pennsylvania we find, that in 1699, James Logan of Lurgan, in Ulster, with a colony of his friends, accompanied William Penn to his new Plantation. The colony was governed by Logan for two years; during which he enriched its capital and bequeathed the *First Public Library*,

Philadelphia ever possessed. In the State of Pennsylvania the traveller will find the townships of Derry, Donegall, Tyrone, Coleraine and others of Irish northern origin. In 1729 the Irish emigration to that colony was ten times more than that of all other countries put together. Another governor of Pennsylvania, in its early days. was Thomas Vaughan, a native of Lisburn; to him Penn wrote stating that the colony had been scandalized at home by reports of a public celebration of the Mass, and advising him to look after the same, which was duly attended to.

During the American Revolution the Irish people threw their entire weight in favor of the colonists. The Irish House of Commons, exclusively Protestant, refused to vote any aid for the war. The Irish in England, headed by Burke, Barre and Sheridan spoke and wrote in favor of America. In 1776 the American Congress adopted an address to the Irish people in which they drew a marked distinction between the British and Irish Parliament. In their address they say " *Your* Parliament has done us no wrong.

The following extract from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin to Thomas Cushing at Boston dated London, January, 1773, will serve as an illustration of the fact. In it he says :— " Before leaving Ireland I must mention that being desirous of seeing the principal patriots then. I stayed till the opening of their Parliament· I found them disposed to be friends of America, in which I endeavored to confirm them, with the expectation that our growing weight might, in time, be thrown into their scale, and by joining our interest with theirs a more equitable treatment from this nation might be obtained for them as well as for us. There are many brave spirits among them. The gentry are a very sensible, polite and friendly people. Their Parliament makes a most respectable figure, with a number of very good speakers on both parties, and able men of business." He then goes on to relate an act of personal courtesy extended towards him by the House in his admission to a seat during the debates—it having been a standing rule to admit no one but English Members within the bar. By a unanimous *aye*, given on that oc-

casion, the American Assemblies were considered as English Parliaments, and the same privileges extended towards their Members.

The first Governor of Pennsylvania, under the Republic, was George Bryan, a native of Dublin. In 1771, John Dunlap, a native of Strabane, issued the "Pennsylvania Packet," the *first* daily paper published in America; he was afterwards printer to the first Congress, and first published in his columns the Declaration of Independence. In 1774 Charles Thompson, of Maghera, was chosen Secretary of the first Congress, which office he retained until 1789. It was he that wrote out the Declaration of Independence from Jefferson's draft; which he drew from the Declaration of Independence drawn up and signed one year previously by the Irish Presbyterians at Mecklenburg. It was through him that Franklin received his instructions, and that Washington was informed of his Presidential election.

In 1776 two Irishmen, Major John Sullivan, and John Langdon, with a few of their Irish townsmen surprised the fort of New Castle, took the Captain and five men, one hundred barrels of gunpowder, fifteen light cannon, and the entire guns which did such service at Bunker Hill. There are many who speak as if Irishmen had never done anything towards the cause of Independence. To such we would ask—Did Thomas Cargill, a native of Ballyshannon, do nothing for the town of Concord? Did the Irish settlement of New Hampshire do nothing? Then, why do we read of a General Starke, Col. Moore, Col. Reed, Major John Goffe, Capt. Thomas Mc.Loughlin, Lieut. John Patten, with some forty or fifty others in the same place, all, of whom, done good service in the cause of Independence.

At the first Council of War, held at Cambridge, two of the Brigadier Generals, Richard Montgomery and John Sullivan, were Irishmen; fully one-third of the active Chiefs were of Irish origin. Henry Knox, who became the first master of the ordnance, was born of Irish parents.

In New York, Col. James Clinton. Col. James McCleary, Gen.

Montgomery, and Gen. Clinton—all Irishmen, are too well known to require any further notice.

In Pennsylvania Col. Anthony Wayne, Col. William Irving, Col. William Thompson, Col, Stephen Moylan, Col. Richard But ler, were all Irishmen. In addition to these may be mentioned Brigadier General Hand.

In the navy we find the illustrious names of Commodore Barry, Capts. Blakeley, McGee, O'Brien, McDonough, Mease and Lieuts. Murray, Dale, Decatur and Stewart.

Of the fifty six signers of the Declaration of Independence eight were Irish by birth or descent. Of the thirty six Delegates by whom the Constitution of the United States was promulgated in 1787 six at least were Irish.

President Polk was of Irish origin, so was John C. Calhoun, and so is Gen. Cass. Gen. Shields, Senator from Illinois, who distinguished himself through the entire Mexican war is a Protestant Irishman.

The first Judge of Probate in New Hampshire after the Revolution was the Hon Mathew Patten an Irishman. In Kentucky. alongside with Daniel Boone we find a Major Hugh McGrady, Harland, McBride, McConnel and Chaplain. In 1775, we find James and Robert McAfee, Benjamim Logan, Simon Butler, Mc. Lellan and one Hogan all Irishmen of renown. If we turn to men of science and literature we find Ireland supplying her share. Who has not heard of Tennent, Finley, Allisons, Thompson, Ramsay, Sullivan, Collis, Fulton, Adrian, Wylie, Smyth, McGill, Murray and others too numerous to mention all these were Irish by birth or descent.

There is one fact of which we very seldom hear from politicians, and that is, *Catholic* Ireland *did* furnish O'Reilly's legion, which deserted the stars and stripes on the plains of Mexico in the day of battle. This case is very seldom brought forward by parties who trade for the "rich Irish brogue" and the "sweet German accent.

Letter X.

The Apostolic character of the ancient Irish and British Churches, with some account of the introduction of Christianity into the British Islands.—Ireland the seat of Religion and Learning before the introduction of Popery by the Anglo Saxon.—Her future prospects through the restoration of her ancient faith.

As an Irishman it is sad to return to my own dear native land, fairest Isle of the sea, once so interesting and so noble, and over which never soared the proud Eagles of ancient Rome, even in the plenitude of their power; yea, she sent her legions into Britain and Gaul, and frequently assisted the ancient Britons and Gauls to defeat their common enemy, Imperial Rome, and to witness her degraded condition for the last seven hundred years, all, caused by the satanic foreign influence of modern Rome.

The earliest and most accurate ecclesiastical writers are of opinion that St. Paul was the founder of Christianity in the British Isles. Joseph, of Arimathea, it is said, sailed from Judea to Marseilles, and crossing France proceeded to the British Isles, and there preached the Gospel A. D. 64. Origin, writing about the year A. D. 234, remarks: "The power of God, our Savior, is even with them who are in Britain shut out from the world." Tertullian, writing during the same century mentions "places in the British Isles *inaccessible to the Romans*, but which had become subject to the dominion of Christ." Eusebius, who lived A. D. 325, observes that "some of the Apostles crossed the ocean to the British Isles." Chrysostom, in one of his letters, about the A. D. 390, says, "Although thou didst go unto the ocean and those British Isles."

Ireland, the "Juverna" of the Greeks, and the "Hibernia" of the Romans, the "Insula Sacra," and "Insula Sanctorum" of the early Christian writers, was at one time the nucleus of Religion and Learning in Europe. From the fifth to the tenth century,

she sent her missionaries (not Romish priests, by any means, but pious gospel preachers) to England, Scotland, France and Germany, among the Angles, Saxons, Picts, Gauls, and Franks. In one of her asylums of learning at Armagh, under the pious Culdees, was educated the good Saxon King, Alfred the Great. The Venerable Anglo Saxon Bede informs us that "some natives of England both noble and lower rank retired to Ireland, to pursue a course of sacred studies, and to lead a stricter life." On this Ledwick remarks: "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is unparalled in the annals of the world."

The ancient inhabitants of Ireland from the first to the twelfth century were called Scoti or Scots and the ancient seat of their power appears to have been Dalriada, on the north-east coast, now the County of Antrim, from a colony which left that place about the middle of the third century under Fergus, the son of Erick, and settled inArgyleshire, Scotland, Caledonia received the name of Scots and Scotland. Twenty-eight of these Dalriadic kings reigned successively in Argyle where the old tower of Dunstaffnage is said to have been their chief residence. Kenneth McAlpine, king of Scotland, was the twenty-ninth in descent from Fergus the County of Antrim Chief; from him came the House of Stuart which is now merged into the present rightful Sovereign of Great Britain. As to the ancient Irish Scots we are informed that Killien, a celebrated Irishman in the seventh century, went as a missionary to Germany, and became first bishop of Wurtzburgh and apostle of Franconia. In his life, quoted by Lannigan his country is called Scotia in the following: "*Scotia quæ et Hibernia dicitur insula est maris oceani fecunda quidem glebis sed sanctissimis clarior viris*," or "Scotia which is also called Ireland, is an island in the main ocean of a very fertile soil but more renowned for most holy men." The Venerable Bede in speaking of Ireland in the eighth century has the following: "*hæc autem propria patria Scotorum est*"—"this is the proper country of the Scots." The same venerable historian, in speaking of the Culdees of Ireland, says: "They preached only such works

of piety and charity as they could learn from the *prophetical, evangelical*, and *apostolical* writings." They were much devoted to the study of the holy scripture, and taught their disciples to conform their doctrine by testimony brought from this unpolluted fountain.

Christianity was first introduced amongst the Northumbrians of England by three Scots, natives of Ireland, Aiden, Fenan and Coleman, who belonged to the Columbian order and had received the Culdee (or what might now be termed Presbyterian) ordination. The Culdee missionaries remained in England evangelizing the natives until the introduction of "foreign influence," by pope Gregory, who sent one Austin with forty monks to "convert the pagan Saxons," and subject the Culdee Churches to the dominion of Rome. We are told by Bede that "through the Scottish missionaries or those whom they had instructed and ordained, the greatest portion of England were converted to Christianity."

When Austin and his monkish satellites arrived and were duly received by the ruling powers, the Culdees all gave up their charges rather than submit to the corruptions of the Church of Rome, when at the Council held in Yorkshire 662, matters were carried so high in favor of popery that they all left England and came back to Ireland their native country, the "*Insula Sanctorum*" of the age.

After the conquest of England by the pagan Saxons, the scattered rays of Christianity disappeared from that country. The Celts, or ancient Britons, retired to the mountains of Cambria and Caledonia. The persecutions which the British Christians endured. were very severe. Cerdicus, first king of the West Saxons, (Hampshire Devonshire &c.,) after a successful battle with the Britons at Winchester A. D. 495, killed all the clergy belonging to the church of St. Amphialus, and turned it into an idolatrous temple. For more than two centuries after the arrival of the Saxons, England became a land of gross idolatry. They had gods for every day in the week; and after those gods were the days

of the week named as follows: Sun's daeg (Sunday) Moon's daeg (Monday) Tuesco's daeg (Tuesday) Woden's daeg (Wednesday) Thor's daeg (Thursday) Friga's daeg (Friday) Seatur's daeg (Saturday.)

After the conversion of the Saxon English to Christianity, by missionaries sent from the Irish church, they shortly afterwards fell away into Popery, and expelled from England even those of their own race, who adhered to the Apostolic faith of the ancient Britons.

Before quitting this branch of the subject, it may be necessa- to observe, that the early British and Irish churches were closely united in doctrines; and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are said to have been originally established, or refounded, by distinguished and pious Irishmen, who then held much and deserved influence in England. Johannes Scotus Erigena, was invited over by King Alfred, A. D. 883.

The physical contest between the British and Saxon races was succeeded by contentions between the Saxon church, and that of the British and Irish—the Saxon claiming authority from the Pope, while the latter denied all Romish pretensions.

The British bishops on the arrival of Augustine, the Romish emissary, considered themselves independent of any foreign jurisdiction. Augustine, aided by the Saxon king Ethelbert, invited them to a conference A. D. 601, that they might be persuaded to acknowledge Pope Gregory which they still refused to do; flattery having failed, he then threatened them, that ere long, they should feel the power of the Saxon swords, and, accordingly, soon after, Ethelfred the Saxon king of Northumberland, invaded Wales with great slaughter, and, among others, put to death in cold blood, *twelve hundred* of the clergy at Bangor! Such was Popery twelve hundred years ago! Laurentius, who succeeded Augustine, also endeavored to bring the British and Irish (then called the Scots') Church under his control. Laurentius says, "*The Irish differ not at all from the Britons in their habits. For Bishop Daganus when he came to us, would not take meat with us*

no, not so much as in the same lodging where we were eating." This testimony given by a Romish emissary, deserves to be well remembered, as it proves the utter detestation in which popery was held in those early ages by the ancient Irish. The fact is, that the Orangemen of the present day, with all their experience of popery, are not half as much opposed to it as their Christian forefathers were twelve hundred years ago! Was there not something prophetic in their uncompromising hostility to popery? Methinks I see the venerable old men of other times as they look through the long vista of coming ages, and foresee the degradation of their country. Those old men in the twilight of a well spent life, as they sit by their doors in the evening shade and speak to their sons of days gone by. The pride of their hearts arises as they tell of their country's glory—her noble colleges and schools of learning, through which had graduated many of the royal sons of England and the Continent—their country, the land of hospitality; the abode of genius; of science; of literature and the arts. The land of the exile, and the home of all who fled from pagan or from papal persecution. The land to which flocked the literati of Europe, and where education was *free* to all who came as the ocean's breath that fanned their island home.—But, in the midst of all these pleasing realities, a dark cloud was beginning to rise from the east. In the light of Scripture, they behold the coming of Antichrist, and the overthrow of their national greatness. According to the testimony of one of the early fathers, the man who should declare himself to be Universal Bishop was the forerunner of Antichrist. That man had actually appeared in the person of Boniface III. Two agents of Antichrist with a number of followers had arrived in England. The Saxons of that country, who had but lately renounced paganism through the instrumentality of the Irish missionaries, were now fast falling away into Romish error. The word of God was made of none effect by their traditions, and the *general or Catholic Apostacy had commenced!*

The hostility of the Ancient Britons to Romish error is still

further exemplified by the following stanza, translated from the Welch of Taliesin, Chief of the Bards, who wrote about A. D. 620. It is from the "Chronicles of Wales" quoted by Archbishop Ussher, in his "Religion of the Ancient Irish"

"Woe be to that priest yborn,
That will not cleanly weed his corn,
And preach his charge among!
Woe be to that shepherd, I say,
That will not watch his fold alway
As to his office doth belong!
Woe be to him that doth not keep
From *Romish wolves* his sheep,
With staff and weapon strong!"

Wilfrid, a Romish priest, was chosen Archbishop of York A. D. 664, but at first declined the office lest he should receive his consecration from those who had been ordained by the Irish Bishops, whose communion the Pope rejected The rejection was *reciprocal.* Aldhelm, Abbot, of Malmesbury, by direction of a synod of bishops, wrote, in a letter still extant, to Geruntius. King of the Britons in West Wales, or Cornwall, A. D. 690, urging a union between the British and Roman Churches, he shows in most forcible language, the utter contempt and abhorrence which the British and Irish churches, had for the professors of Romish doctrines. His language is very remarkable: "The British priests on the other side of the channel of the Severn, puffed up with a conceit of the peculiar purity of their own conversation, *do utterly abominate the thought of communion with us*, insomuch that they will not condescend either to join in prayers with us at church, or to sit at meat with us at the same table, in the kindly intercourse of society: nay, the very fragments that remain of our dishes, and what is left after our refreshments, they throw out to be eaten by their gluttenous dogs and filthy pigs. The vessels too, and cups which we use, they take care to have scoured and purified, either with sandy clay from the gravel pit, or with yellow ashes from their cinders. They cannot bring themselves to salute us peaceably. But, further, if any of our people, *that is, the Catholic party*, will go to them for the purpose of living among them, they do not condescend to admit such persons

to their company, and society, until they are forced to perform a quarantine of forty days penance"!

Bede, writing A. D. 731, says that "even to this day it is the manner of the Britons to entertain a contempt for the faith and religion of the English, and to hold no more intercourse with them of any sort than they would with Pagans."

The historian, Hume, adverts to the acknowledged independence and self-control of the ancient Christian Church of Ireland. He says—"*The Irish followed the doctrines of their first teachers and never acknowledged any subjection to the See of Rome.*" Bede tells us that the celebrated Colmar, an Irishman, who was bishop of Lindisferne; was called upon at a council to dispute the point of the celebration of Easter. Colmar argued thus:—"This Easter, which I used to observe, I received from my Elders who sent me bishop hither, which all our fathers, men beloved of God, are known to have celebrated after the same manner, which, that it may not seem unto any to be contemned and rejected, is the same which the blessed Evangelist St. John, the disciple especially beloved of the Lord, with all the churches that he did oversee, is read to have celebrated. I marvel how such men call that absurd in which we follow the example of so great an Apostle, one who was thought worthy of reposing on the bosom of his Lord and can it be believed that our venerable father Columbkill and his successors would have thought or acted contrary to the sacred writings?" While Colmar defended the church of Ireland, Wilfrid defended the Romish system. Fridogenus a Romish historian, informs us that Colmar further added:—"*We abide by the custom of our fathers, which was given to us by Polycarp the disciple of St. John.*"

It would be unnecessary to multiply farther instances to prove that the ancient Irish and British churches were truly Apostolic—that is, held the pure and primitive faith of the Apostles, and denied all Romish pretensions. The Irish church held out more vigorously against Romish error than either the British or Saxon churches. The latter voluntarily acknowledged Popery in the

seventh century. The British held out for two centuries later, and the Irish church until the twelfth century.

It may now be asked how has Ireland become so popish and as a consequence so degraded. It can be said that she was the last country in Europe that acknowledged the papal supremacy. It was not until the year 1172 that popery was introduced into Ireland on the edge of the Saxon sword and the point of the Norman spear under the Anglo Norman king Henry II, by the "spiritual" advice of his countryman, one Nicholas Brakspeare, ecclesiastically known as Pope Adrian the IVth, this pair agreed for their mutual advantage as to the annexation principle. In the first place Henry was to conquer Ireland in order (to use the words of the papal Bull,) "to extend the bounds of the Church" (of Rome); after having done so he was to compel each Irish family to pay "one carolus annually to the See of Rome;" it was thus that popery was introduced into Ireland.

Ireland, that was once the *glory of all lands*, and the evangelist of Europe, has, since the introduction of "foreign influence" by popery, become a *by-word a hissing and a proverb* among all nations; but still ,with all the desolation that has encompassed her for the last seven hundred years, I believe that she shall yet stand forth in these last days with all that pristine beauty and grandeur which so distinguishad her during the early Christian ages. For though her evils have been numerous as the shamrock of the valley, and have enshrouded her as the mist on her mountain tops, they have all been caused by popish superstition. Already do I see a resurrection among the dry bones, for the banner of Reformation in the hands of the Scots Irish, the sons of Knox, descended from the old Irish Scots, is being unfurled on the hills and plains of Connemara, even down to Kerry, and may the same suceess attend it which followed the blue banner of the Covenant on the hills of Scotland, then shall the days of her mourning be ended, for Popery is a disgrace to any nation.

The Protestant faith is now gaining ground rapidly in Ireland, more so than at any previous time since the great Reformation.

Both England and Scotland are now sending over missionaries for the advancement of that desirable work, and the sons of Ulster are also aiding the same cause. With 1848 ended the last would be rebellion in Ireland—it was the last struggle of Popery, and proved a farcical failure.

Letter XI.

Irish degeneration in modern times, the natural result of Popery. English regeneration within the last three hundred years; the natural result of Protestantism:

NEED I refer the reader to unhappy priest-ridden Ireland, which has so long drank to the dregs the bitter cup of Popery. Her degradation as a nation has fully corresponded with her devotion to the Romish faith, and her ancient glory has become extinct through that very means; her bards may sing

"Let Erin remember the days of old."

But still there is a lifelessness in that body politic which even the sweetest music cannot resuscitate. The spirit of her people rest not in the land of their fathers, but is bound in servile subjection beneath the foot-stool of the long-discovered Antichrist of Rome, that great destroyer of the nations. They have indeed drank deeply of the cup which has so long deceived the world.

In that ancient land of Brehons and Bards can now only be said:

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed;
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

Her "patriots," so called, have all with scarcely an excep-

tion overlooked the great original cause of all her misery—her devotion to an idolatrous soul-destroying system of worship which has prostrated the native energy of her people and turned it into a channel disgraceful to humanity. What advantage is it now to be toldof the achievements of Conn of the Hundred Battles, the Red Branch Knights of Ulster and Niall of the Nine Hostages, down to the days of Brian Boroihme; have not all of these disappeared with the light of former days. As a matter of history, the events with which these names are associated all transpired during her Druidic and early Christian ages; many centuries before the national introduction of Popery, the way for which, however, was well paved by the different colonies of Danes who migrated thither from the eighth to the tenth century, after having adopted Romish rites in England.

What a perfect display of foolishness there is constantly manifested on the part of those self-constituted demagogues who are ever prating about English injustice, Saxon tyranny, &c., as if such were the sole and only causes of Irish misery, when they have been slight in comparison with those of Rome. Is it not a fact patent on the page of history that England herself suffered equally with Ireland when subject to Popish rule, and would have continued to do so until the present day had not the glorious light of Protestant truth cast its invigorating influence over the minds of her people, dispelling those thick clouds of error and superstition that had so long enslaved the Saxon mind? That light was ushered in through the person of Wickliffe the "bright and morning star" of the English Reformation, and was successfully maintained against the powers of darkness, even through the fires of Smithfield and the despotism of the house of Stuart, until the glorious Revolution of 1688, and the advent of the House of Orange, which settled on a firm basis in Britain, the cause of liberty and truth, laying the foundation of England's subsequent greatness and glory. It was not the physical bravery of the Norman Plantaganet. Cœur de Lion, before whom quailed the Saracen's blade, that raised her to the pinnacle of

fame and enduring greatness which she has so long maintained among the nations; nor was it the indomitable courage displayed by her victorious armies at Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, when they fought with cross-bows, broad-swords and battle-axes. No! It was after the Reformation that England stood forth before the nations, contesting, and that successfully, the star of Empire. It was the Reformation that gave us Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, and that bright constellation of mighty intellects whose teachings are destined to be co-equal and co extensive with the universality of the Anglo Saxon race and language until time shall be no longer. It was the Reformation that crowned with victory the fearless patriots of 1688, thereby preparing the way during the next 88 years for the great Revolution of 1776. It was the Reformation that made this country free, in both a spiritual and temporal point of view and in exact proportion with the devotion of the people to its principles will be their national advancement. It was for want of the Reformation that all Popish countries have remained in the state of ignorance, mental blindness, and superstition, by which they are so easily recognized even at the present day.

Letter XII.

Address to the educated Roman Catholics—Romanism as seen in those countries where it wields exclusive and unbounded influence.

In connection with this subject, I take the following from an article addressed to the educated Roman Catholics of the British Empire, by Henri Gerald Spillan, of Dublin, and first published in a journal with which the writer formerly corresponded, "The Protestant Watchman," of that city, October, 1848. After giving a general statement of European affairs, from the dismemberment of the old Roman Empire; in itself very interesting, but from its

length I regret not being able to give it. He proceeds thus;—

"And in other respects, the religious polity of ancient and modern Rome is not dissimilar.

"The proud Empire, the conqueror of Carthage, whose eagles kissed the blazing sun of Lybia, and shone beneath the snowy skies of Scythia—that had woven into the tissue of her Imperial glory, the broidered filigree and splendor of the voluptuous Orient, revelling at once in the perfumed ceremonies of Asia, and the refined culture and more graceful philosophy of Greece, whose standard waved from the Pyrennes to the Julian Alps—the victor of the warlike Gaul, the effeminate native of India, the barbarian of the north—the Empire before whose flag quailed the Scythian and the sturdy men whose huts lined the Danube—inculcated on all subject to her sway, as the primary element of her power, the worship of a false, but magnificent system of idolatry, made it, as did Papal Rome in the plenitude of her power, when resistance to her decrees was death to those offending, the basis of her dominion, the unfailing test of conquest; and it was only in the latter days of her temporal dominion, at such a crisis as the present, when her chains are loosened and nations rise to repel her manifold usurpations, and embrace the faith preached by Jesus, that the religious system of which Rome was the radiating centre, the meteoric orbit from which glowed the noxious heat that diffused its withering influence over the human family, gradually died away, uncared for, scorned by all, having no martyrs, leaving no train of light in its wake, and paling its ineffectual fires before the Labarum of Constantine.

"It was at such a crisis in the world's history as that of which we are spectators.

"Nations had arisen in their own might to repel spiritual bondage, and assert before Heaven the moral power that dwells within man in every age, in every clime. Then, as now, a soul-destroying system fettered the soul and limited the natural horizon of the understanding, indurated the softest and most genial impulses of the human heart.

"As soon as the spiritual light beamed upon the hearts of those who had so long walked in the ways of darkness, the fearful deformity of the religious culture they had relinquished, became visible; they were lost in amazement, as are the recent converts from Romanist error who have embraced the pure religion of Christ, at their supineness, their lack of intellectual strength, almost unconscious of moral principle, so long dormant; at their own spiritual blindness in having been the dupes of an effete Polytheism, abounding in incredible tales and idle legends, which in the religious culture of ancient Rome, constituted as they do now, in modern Rome, the germs of belief and faith. To any one who is versed in classical mythology and who has read the martyrology of the Romish Church—the liquefaction of St. Januarius, in a word, the legends affixed in many instances to the Diurnal Office, of the work which it is the bounden duty, under penalty of withdrawal of priestly faculties, and suspension by the diocesan, of the Roman Catholic clergy to recite a portion thereof daily—the legends so characteristic of spiritual ignorance clothed in very questionable Latinity, appear but paraphrastic versions—like the songs of Father Prout and the Spanish ballads of Mr. Lockhart—of the more ancient and classical fables, that in the pages of the deathless literature of Greece and Rome, charmed the ear and captivated the imagination in childhood, divested, it must be confessed, of the sagacious moral, and all those delicate shades of beauty of conception and expression the rich hues of thought that redeemed much of the coarseness of the more antique types of celestial morality.

"Against the debasing spiritual supremacy of Rome, so long exercised with despotic power against the best interests of Christianity, nations have in our own days risen, and once more sounded with glad voice the tocsin of mental deliverance, the echo of which rings on the banks of the Rhine and amid the leafy groves of the Sabine hills.

"And, my friends, is it necessary for me to give you particular instances of this feeling, now universal on the continent of Europe,

that floats across the Atlantic, and swells, gathering vigor as it travels, alone the *Llanos* and *Savannas* of Spanish America? Is it necessary to say that nations have dated their social and polit-cal decline in the scale of civilization and moral grandeur from the *maintenance* of Romish error and the *dissemination* of *Papal principles!* Is it necessary to travel into the far East, to survey the immorality of Goa and the Portuguese possesions where the tares of European idolatry have fallen on on a fruitful soil, to contrast the rival cults of Buddhism and Romanism, or mayhap in another hemisphere to witness the degeneracy that has befallen the priest-ridden Empire of Montezuma—the torpor and apathy that have seized on the minds of the inhabitants of that teeming garden of beauty—the inevitable consequence of blind submission to Romish ordinances, framed for the temporal aggrandizement of a power 'bursting with its own plethory,' to survey the conquest of Mexico by a handful of Northern warriors, girt, for the most part, with the golden armor of Biblical Truth? Is it not necessary I say, to appeal to esoteric examples, how striking soever, when Ireland, blessed by Providence with a benignant sky, and a prolific soil, rich in mineral wealth, adorned with heathy mountain, and swelling woodland, furnishes so vivid an example in history of the fearful results that spring from the hateful system under which the Western Celt groans, amid privation and passive apathy, and that calm despair which is unknown even to the phlegmatic fatalist of Mahommed, but which is the result of blind adherence to the creed to which he has wilfully delivered the native energy of his understanding, nay the warm impulses of his heart.

"Alas! my friends, it is not necessary—unfortunately, it is a fact too notorious—to inquire into the causes which have produced the social agrarian feuds and outrages that are so unhappily common in Ireland—that have made that nation a byword in European history—that have converted a glorious island of sunny verdure and beauty into an Aceldema, a field red with native gore, that still pours its cursed streams on her plains, and cries to the God of Heaven for vengeance for foul murder! To what cause

are we to attribute the social degeneracy of that country in the scale of human civilization? To ROMANISM.

"Departed, indeed, are the purple glories of Rome—vanished are all her splendors. From the citadel on the Seven Hills no longer rolls the bolt of vengeance; the thunders of the Vatican have subsided into the low growl of sullen discontent; the majesty of the Pontifical Cæsar of "Christianity," the potentate who erst swayed the world—

"*Super Garamantes et Indos.*"

who limited by his mere dictum the natural boundaries of remote empires, *and hear it, ye followers of repeal, who generously, in olden times, made over Ireland as a free gift to a Norman King.*

* * * * * * *

"Alas! my friends, how long will moral blindness seal your eyes to the effulgent brightness of the truth? Does not the natural intelligence that is the attribute of a thinking mind tell you that where vice of so hideous a dye stains the character of those on whose word you place undying trust—that where such prevails, religion, morality and Gospel truth cannot abide. Do you not perceive that the crazy vessel of Romanism is foundering amid the surf and thick waves of its own abomination, not alone on the Baltic, on the Atlantic, on the wild sea that girds like a zone of pearls the British Isles, but also on the Mediterranean and the unruffled surface of the Adriatic.

"Is Rome singular in the disaffection of its inhabitants—their detestation of a despotism, hostile to human improvement? Let us glance at the countries where like the deadly Upas tree the system flourishes in like rankness of vegetation.

"I will not allude to the sloth and apathy, the vice and utter profligacy, that prevade so generally in the petty duchies and principalities that constitute the Peninsula of Italy, the monkish ignorance, the popular disgust, and wide-spread disaffection that prevade Lucca, Piombino, Modena, Tuscany, Parma Guastalla, nor is it necessary to mention unhappy priest-ridden Naples, overshadowed by sacredotal intolerance and bigotry, as well as mo-

nastic vows—where, as in Mexico, the priestly frailties, joined to the dissolute libertinism of a large number of religious orders, constitute the origin of the recent *pronunciamentos* and intestine *emeutes* that have convulsed the European paradise—when on the temporary deliverance of the people from the galling yoke and debasing servitude, imposed by mitred sensualists, the whole nation evinced their gratitude to God by the instant expulsion of the Archbishop Cocles, the haughty confessor of the Bourbon despots, as well as expatriation from the rosy shores of Parthenope, of the reverend drones immersed in profligacy, who like the *gryll migratorii* of the East, had so long preyed on the vitals of Neapolitan prosperity, 'tainting and poisoning with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour.'

"When, some time since, on my return from Spain, where the feeling of the people is strong against the revival and resuscitation of Papistry, which now lies entombed in the sepulchre of its former orgies—the famed Casa de Inquisition—like the more antique and honored shade of Mahometanism in the Alhambra of Granada—I visited Lisbon. I happened to converse with a priest venerable for his age and literary attainments. After alluding to the distracted political condition of Portugal, the financial difficulties that weighed upon her prosperity, and the benefits to be derived from a closer connection and alliance with Great Britain, in a moral point of view, he said, in a tone whose solemnity and earnestness of cadence, I can still recall:—

"Senhor, believe me, it is not Costo Cabra that we want—nor Palmetta's restrictive duties, nor Miguel with his monkish panderers and satellites—nor English fleets, nor French Free Masonry and indifference to divine revelation, nor Iberian alliance—neither Terceisa's protocols, Saldenha's Utopia, nor Magelhan's ameliorative finance. We want spiritual religion; we want God's word—the Bible.

"These words were the solemn conviction of one who had long perceived the evils that flowed from Papal doctrine—who had witnessed the eventful phases of Lusitanian history for the last forty

three years and upwards; who had heard Soult's cannon, and witnessed the ravages of Junot; who had lived under the tyrannic *regime* of Don Miguel—who had beheld with grief the public profligacy of Padre Marco, the confessor of Maria de Gloria, and who still lives to rejoice in the spiritual light that is shining upon the olive plains of the Algarve; for the word of the Lord is yielding a rich harvest in that hitherto benighted region."

The gentleman from whose letter I have taken the above extract somewhat at length, was educated as a Roman Catholic, and intended for the priesthood; but by Divine illumination from on high, assisting the moral power that dwells within man, he was enabled to throw off the bonds that bound him—that chain the intellect and enslave the soul. I was present on that interesting occasion, with him, in the parish Church of St. Thomas, Dublin, when he with several others at the same time, publicly renounced the damnable errors of Popery and embraced the religion of Christ.

Ireland: The Cradle of European Learning.

———o———

BY REV. J. B. FINLAY. PH. D., LL. D. BROOKLYN, L. I.

———o———

Breathes there a man with soul so dead—
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land:
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned—
  From wandering on a foreign strand.
If such their breathes, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel's raptures swell,
  High though his titles, proud his name—
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
  The wretch concentered all in self—
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
  To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
  Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.—SCOTT.

FOR centuries, Ireland was the cradle of European literature. When burning Sappho had ceased to sing, and Thucydides to write of "The Isles of Greece"—When Virgil's muse had ceased to mourn, and Livy's pen to write Rome's history—When classic literature was obliterated by the incursions of the barbarous Goth, the rude Hun, the relentless Alan, and the inhuman Moslem—When the whole Continent was almost a literary waste—far away from the foot of the Goth or the Cimiter of the Moslem—in the distant Erin—was a pure literature cultivated, which had been handed down from sire to son for more than a thousand years. The scoffer who derides everything Irish may try to impugn these statements, but the man of intelligence and research, be he native born or foreign, will lend to them an attentive ear. What subject can be more interesting to an Irishman than the immortal trophies of literary fame which were won in former days by his fatherland?

Let the ancient schools of learning in Erin tell of Erin's glory!—Let the Records of the colleges of Armagh, Lismore, Ross-Carbary, Clonrad, Connaught, Connor, Bangor, Mayo, and Derry, but unfold the names of their Alumni, and they will show the names of Europe's royal sons that were once enrolled as students within their hallowed walls! Thrice happy days for Ireland! More than six hundred years before the Christian era, a rich literature was cultivated by the learned Irish. The Psalters of Tara and Cashel can furnish specimens of poetic effusions that are not surpassed by the Hebrew, the Greek, or the Roman muses. According to common consent, the ancient Irish cultivated, in no ordinary degree, philosophy, letters, and sacred Bibliology. And from this circumstance, as well as from the large number of their churches, the appelation given to it was that of "*The Island of Saints.*"

Indeed the literary fame of Ireland does not rest on doubtful evidence, but is attested by the history of Europe. Scarcely is there a spot in Europe that is not sacred to Irish literature. The chief attraction of Irish schools consisted in their strict discipline and thorough knowledge of the Bible. The biographer of St. Patrick says: "that eminent christian was accustomed to expound the Bible for days and nights together unto the people." O that the self called followers of St. Patrick were now not only to imitate his virtues but to inculcate his practices! St. Columba, another eminent Irishman, supported all his doctrines by proofs from the Sacred volume. Dr. Lannigan informs us that in St. Senan's time a vessel arrived in Cork "bringing fifty religious persons passengers from the Continent, who came to Ireland either for the purpose of leading a life of stricter discipline or of improving themselves in the study of the Scriptures.

The venerable Bede—an Anglo Saxon historian, and of course not very friendly to Celtic Ireland—having mentioned a plague that raged in the kingdom of Northumberland in the year 664, informs us, that it also "visited Ireland likewise with signal violence. There were in that country, at the time we speak of many of the

English nobility, and middle classes who at the time of Bishops Finan and Colman, had left their native island and retired thither to Ireland, either for the purpose of studying the Word of God, or else to observe a stricter life. And some indeed presently devoted themselves to the monastic profession, while others chose rather to pay visits to the chambers of the different masters; all of whom the Irish received most cordially and provided with daily food free of charge, as likewise with books to read, and gratuitous instruction. Among those students were two of the English nobility, named Edilhun and Egbert, youths of excellent parts, the first of whom was the brother of Edilwin, a man equally beloved of God, who himself also went to Ireland in the following age for the purpose of studying there, and returned to his country well educated, after which having been appointed bishop in the province of Lindis, he ruled that Church most nobly for many years." Again, Bede informs us farther that Agilbert, bishop of Paris, was in 650, educated in Ireland. About the year 685, Alfred, son of Osway, succeded his royal brother Egfrid on the throne of Northumberland. "He was" says Bede, "a man most learned in the Scriptures"—who when the throne became vacant—"was living a sojourner in the country of the Scots, in Ireland, and there imbibing heavenly wisdom with all his heart's attention; for he had left his native land and its pleasant fields to learn in studious exile the mysteries of the Lord." Again, Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmsbury, in a letter to a student, named Eahfrid who had spent six years in Irish schools, asks—"Why should Ireland, whither students are transported in troops, by fleets be exalted with such unspeakable advantages, as if here in the rich soil of England, there could not be found any Grecian or Roman teachers to expound by their interpretations the dark problems of the celestial library to inquiring youths. For even though the above named country of Ireland, a rich and verdant pasture for the studious throng of readers to graze in, be ornamented with bright stars like those that glitter in the arch of heaven." At that time Europe was lying in pagan darkness, and from the sea-girt shores

of Ireland emanated that electric flash of heavenly light that dispelled the moral spiritual gloom from the minds of Europe's fair daughters and enterprizing sons. St. Columba went forth, and on the Druid's Isle founded the Seminary of Iona—whose fair fame will never die—and by his indefatigable labors the Picts bowed submissively to King Jesus. St. Columbanus left the shores of his sacred isle and in the true missionary spirit of an apostle devoted his life to the conversion of the Suevi, the Boi and the Franks of Germany. St. Kilian first introduced the gospel among the eastern Franks. St. Willibrord converted the Batavians, the Frieslanders, and the Westphalians. Cedd, Diumer, and Frumshere evangelized the Anglo-Saxons. Clement and Albinus were the revivers of learning in France. The one presided over the university of Pavia; the other over that of Paris. The most renowned commentator on the Pauline Epistles was Sedulius. Another very learned man named Claudius Scotus flourished about the year 815. He also wrote a commentary of the Gospel of Matthew and the Epistles of Paul. In the beginning of the Imperial reign of Charlemagne, literature was buried in the ashes of its once celebrated lustre. "When the illustrious Charles," says his French Biographer, "had begun to reign alone in the western world, and literature was every where almost forgotten, it came to pass that two Scots from Ireland—men incomparably learned, both in human knowledge and in the Holy Scriptures, came over with some British merchants to the shores of France."

In the year 831, the doctrine of Transubstantiation was first clearly laid down and published by the Roman Church through the instrumentality of a monk named Paschasius Radbut. These novel views respecting the communion of the Lord's Supper were ably refuted by a celebrated son of Erin—Johannes Scotus Erigena—a man whom every scholar delights to honor as a profound literary and philosophical genius. His influence was felt in Italy; for in 1045, the celebrated Berenger publicly maintained the doctrines of Scotus, but in 1045, by the decrees of the Councils of Rome and Vercelli he was condemned to the flames. So celebra-

ted were the Irish Schools about the year 1070, that the following poem was written by John, son of Sulgen, bishop of St. David's——

With ardent love for learning, Sulgen sought
The school in which his fathers had been taught;
To Ireland's sacred Isle, he bent his way
Where science beamed with bright and glorious ray—
But lo! an unforseen impediment
His journey interrupted as he went,
For sailing toward the country where abode
The people famous in the Word of God,
His bark by adverse winds and tempests toss'd
Was forced to anchor on another coast.
And thus the Albanian shore, the traveller gained
And there for five successive years remained—
At length arriving on the Irish soil
He soon applies himself with studious toil;
The Holy Scriptures now his thoughts engage,
And much he ponders o'er the oft-read page,
Exploring carefully the secret mine,
Of precious treasures in the law divine;
Till thirteen years of diligence and pains,
Had made him affluent in heavenly gains,
And stored his ample mind with rich supplies,
Of costly goods and sacred merchandize,
Then having gained a literary name,
In high repute for learning, home he came—
His gathered store and golden gains to share,
Among admiring friends and followers there.

If modern students were to study thirteen years before receiving the titles of A. B., or M. D., how many quacks would the age get rid of? Surely quackery in literature will one day cease! In the year 1083, flourished that celebrated and learned Irishman, Marianus Scotus—who was equally renowned as an author and a translator. He published a valuable commentary on the Bible—a Chronicle of Universal History—and several other works. He numbered among his charity pupils one Nicholas Breakspeare—son of an English pauper, but a boy of great mental strength. This boy was gratuitously educated by the good Scotus: but afterwards allured by the glitter and pomposity of Roman priestly garments; he forsook the home of his youth, and abandoned the faith of his preceptor; united with the Church of Rome, and finally ascended the papal throne under the cognomen of Adrian IV., and for one penny a hearth sold Ireland,

the scene of his school boy days, the land where he was freely educated, to the English monarch. What base ingratitude! About the close of the eleventh century flourished the celebrated annalist, Tighernach—who was well read in both the Greek and Latin Classics. In the year 1607, the learned Cambden—an Anglo Saxon writer, says, that, the "Anglo Saxons used to flock together into Ireland, as a market of learning; whence it is that we continually find it said in our writers concerning holy men of old, "*He was sent away to be educated in Ireland.*" "And it would appear," says he "that it was from that country, the ancient English our ancestors received their first instructions in forming letters, as it is plain they used the same character which is still used in Ireland."

From the pages of history it appears, that the educated sons of Ireland established those renowned seats of learning in Iona in Scotland, in Oxford in England, in Paris in France, in Pavia and Bobbio in Italy, in Leuxeu and St Gall in Switzerland; and also the Churches of the Picts, the Scots, the Anglo-Saxons, the French, the Dutch, the Swiss, the Germans, and the Icelanders, and gave an impetus to literature and philosophy, science and theology, that has been highly beneficial to the world at large. It is amusing to hear the remarks made by certain self-conceited persons about Irish ignorance. But who are these critics? Nine-tenths of them have never read the history of their own country: Nine-tenths of them have never had a respectable history of their own country in their hands. A certain garrulous self-conceited person, with whom the writer had the misfortune to become acquainted, was continually railing at the *ignorant Irish*, as he was pleased to designate the sons of Ireland. An Irish Romanist overhearing him one day, called him a son of Henry VIII. But so ignorant was this self-conceited being when his depth was really sounded that he went to a third party, and told him what the *ignorant Irishman* (!) had called him, and then very inquisitively asked who Henry VIII, was? Upon being answered in the affirmative, he alleged, his unacquaintance with English his-

tory arose from his hatred of England. What a despicable booby! still he is a mere specimen of Ireland's slanderers. And it is a remarkable fact that addle-headed people who left Ireland before arriving at their tenth year of age, and the children of Irish parents, are more opposed to Irish immigrants than those whose grand parents were true hearted noble Americans.

We do not wish to be blind to the faults of Irishmen. We are conscious of these; and are truly sorry for their misfortunes. But who are these unfortunates? Are they Protestants? No! they are of Anglo Saxon origin too. The East and South of Ireland are wholly of English origin. Of poets and scholars, politicians and orators, sailors and soldiers, Ireland has given a rich supply. Cloutarf, Ballinabwee, Benburb, the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, have drawn from Irish hearts seas of blood over which her red flag floated unseen from shore to shore. The red foot of Irish bravery has kept time to War's death march on the burning sands of India. The clang of Irishmen's armor, and the shout of their victories have multiplied themselves in the echoes of the Alps. Beneath their own green flag they fought at Clontarf and Benburb; beneath the tri-color at Cremona and Fontenoy; beneath the fiery cross of St. George, from Seringapatam to Waterloo they proved their faithful allegiance; and beneath that brighter and dearly beloved flag deepening its red stripes with their blood, and brightening its glorious stars with their valor they fought, for its triumph, at Quebec and Yorktown, at Niagara and New Orleans, at Palo Alto and Buena Vista, at Cherubusco and Chepultepec.

A man prejudiced against everything Irish, may stand by the tombs of Boyle, of Berkley, of Swift, of Sheridan, of Steele, and of Goldsmith, and deny to Ireland all claims to genius; he may have listened to Miss O'Neill, or Miss Hays, or witnessed the living embodiments of Kean and Macklin, and deny all honor to Ireland in Music and the Drama. He may have listened to the songs of the bards, heard Carolan's harp, or read Anacreon in sweeter language than the great original, and drank in even the

"loves of the angels," and deny all claims of Ireland to poetry He may pause by the ashes of Burke and Canning, and deny that Ireland ever produced a Statesman. He may listen to the still. living echoes of Curran's, Grattan's, Cooke's, and McNeill's voices, and deny that Ireland has a claim to eloquence. He may stand by the nameless and unepitaphed tomb of Brien Boru, or walk heedlessly over the ashes of Emmett, Tone, or Fitzgerald, and deny to Ireland the virtue of patriotism. But he cannot—no man can—stand by the aged Brien at Clontarf, by Hugh O'Neill at Ballinabwee, by Sarsfield at Limerick, by Wellington at Waterloo, by Gough and Napier in India, by Montgomery at Quebec, by Stark at Bennington, by Wayne at Stony Point, by Jackson at New Orleans, by Shields at Cerro Gordo and Chepultepec:—he cannot—no man can follow Con, and Nial, and Dathy over Scotia, Gaul and the Continent—read through the wars of Cromwell and the glorious William of Nassau—read through our own Revolutionary struggle, the second war, and the conquest of Mexico—he cannot—no man can trace through history's pages the achievments of Amiens, Ramilies, Cremona, and Fontenoy, I care not how prejudiced, and say, if he understands what he says, that the Irish Celt lacked courage, showed want of military genius, or failed in heroism, whether the green flag, the tri-color, the fiery cross, or the radiant stars and stripes floated over him, or became his shroud on fields where he bravely conquered or undaunted fell.

Protestants of Ireland, be not ashamed of your country! Her literature still survives. Old Trinity, and the four Queen's Colleges, are entwining the chaplets of literature around the brows of their Alumni. The literature of your country will one day appear more prominent, and be more fully acknowledged. When one looks at the list of distinguished names that adorn the annals of your country you have reason to take hope of future encouragement. Who silenced the once eloquent tongues of your distinguished, learned, and illustrious Christian forefathers? Was it not Popery? Who converted your once free and happy country

into a land of serfs? Was it not Popery?—Popery usurped the right of granting the ancient Christian Ireland to Henry II., of England, on condition he would replenish the coffers of the Pontiff and convert the national church into a Roman Church.—Popery created the first sectarianism in Ireland. Popery raised the first rebellion in Ireland. Popery caused the Irish Protestant Massacre in 1641. Popery persecuted at Wexford bridge, Scullabogue House, and Enniscorthy in 1798, and Popery would, if it had the power, persecute now as much as ever. Remember, that Popery was an intruder upon Ireland in the year 1172. Remember, that before that period, Ireland was free and happy and educated and enlightened. Remember that since that period, Popery the curse of Ireland, has brought upon its inhabitants, superstition, poverty, ignorance, hatred, variance, strife, emulations, seditions, heresies. But since the glorious Reformation, rapid advances have been made to retrieve her ancient literary glory. And now in the highest branches of human knowledge, and on the widest arena of human enterprise, the names of illustrious Irishmen have been justly celebrated, and highly distinguished. For divines, philosophers, statesmen, orators, legislators, diplomatists, financiers, historians, poets, astronomers, physicians, sculptors, musicians, dramatists, and warriors, Ireland needs not be ashamed of a comparison with any nation. For who has not heard of an Ussher—the learned divine—the patriotic friend of liberty—the patron of the persecuted Alpine Christians; or a Wellesley and a Wellington; a Burke and a Canning; a Boyle and a Swift; a Sterne and a Goldsmith; a Sheridan and Hastings; a Grattan and a Foster; a Curran and a Flood; a Clare and a Bushe; a Yelverton and a Hutchinson; a Sheil and a Plunkett: a Brown and a Jebb; a Loftus and a Sloane; a Castlereagh and a Charlemont; a Staunton and a Macartney; a Francis and a Malone; a Knox and a Cocte; a Pottinger and the Parnelles; a Gough and a Brinkley: a Robinson and an Oxmantown; a Morgan and a Hamilton; a Moore and a Morrington; a Gillespie and an Abernethy; a Hawkins and a Lever; a Hall and a Wolfe · a Maxwell and a Lover;

a Carolan and a Maturin; a Faron and a Murphy; a Cooke and a Macklin; a Montgomery and an Edgar; a Nelson and a Bruce; a Stewart and a Magee; a McNeill and a Faloon; a Napier and a Davidson? These are only a few of the distinguished names that reflect a halo of glory from the shores of Erin. The founder of the Presbyterian Church in this free land was the Rev. Francis McKemie—an Irishman. Besides the Rev. Samuel Finley, D. D., President of the College of New-Jersey, was an Irishman, and so were the sainted Tennents of hallowed memory. Protestant Irishmen have everywhere in this land been the patrons of learning. The late lamented Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., of the University of Pennsylvania was also an Irishman and an ornament to his country. Throughout this glorious Republic, learned Irishmen are occupying places of trust with honor to themselves and acceptability to those by whom they are employed. And they will always continue the friends of learning as their fathers were. They love American Liberty, and American Institutions, and the noble generous unsophisticated true American people. They have no battle to wage against America or Americans. They do not interfere with American politics They allow Americans to rule their own country. The moment they plant their feet upon American soil, they feel that they are one with America, and that THEY ARE AMERICANS

[From the "New York True American" December 23d 1854.]

Reminiscences of Dublin---Historical and Descriptive.

———o———

Its origin—eminent men—Cathedral Churches—Public Buildings—Dublin Castle—the University—general appearance of the City—Nelson's Pillar—equestrian statue of King William—Public Squares-Phœnix Park—closing remarks.

BY R. R. B. DUBLIN.

———o———

Dublin! a thousand recollections rise
With thy dear name, 'mid foreign seas and skies;
Still should my heart for thee a spot contain,
Oh! let thy beauties now inspire my strain.
* * * * *
Dublin! the cradle of my youth—my home,
With thee what joyful retrospections come,
'Mongst friends—'mongst foes, and all life's chance and change,
Naught shall from thee this downcast heart estrange.
Sweet home! how often hath thy memory stole
In hallowed greenness o'er this sadden'd soul.

BAYLY.

AND what shall I say of Dublin, the home of the writer's heart, of which he is by birth a citizen and freeman? That ancient city, the Eblana of Ptolemy, the Greek Geographer, in the beginning of the second century, or as it was then known in a native language, Ath-Cliath-Dubhlinne. From the life of Kevin of Glendalough, written in the eighth century, I take the following translation from the Latin: "The city of Ath-Cliath is situated in the northern region of Leinster, upon a straight of the sea; it is called in the Irish language Dubh-linne, which signifies the Black Water, and this city is powerful and warlike, always inhab-

ited by men most brave in battles, and expert in fleets." By the ancient Britons or Welsh it was, and is still called Dinas Dulinn; signifying the fortress or city of Dublin; by the Danes it was called Dyflyn or Duflin, as may be seen on the coins of the Danish kings of Dublin, and in the *Saga* of the Icelandic historians, in Johnstone's Celto-Scandinavian Antiquities; by the English, the city was called Duvelin, and lastly Dublin, all of which names were derived from the Irish Dubh-linne, and Latinized Dublinium.

The city of the venerable Archbishop Ussher, one of the most learned men of Europe in the seventeenth century, and a bright particular star in the constellation of the Irish Protestant Church. Of Sir James Ware, the renowned Antiquary; of Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the eccentric wit and distinguished author; of Moore, the bard of Erin, in the words of Byron, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own;" of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, who placed the laurel wreath of victory around Britannia's brow, the victorious leader of the cool Saxon, the cautious Scot and the impulsive Celt. I might also say of Mrs Hemans, for though born in Liverpool, she was of Dublin parentage, and in the latter city her remains are deposited in a vault beneath St. Ann's church. Her works shall last while lives affection in the human heart.

The ancient Cathedral churches of Dublin, dating long before the Norman Conquest, and in which now sleepeth quietly the flower of Celtic, Danish, Norman, and Saxon chivalry, including Strongbow, and the veteran hero, Schomberg renowned along the the Rhine. They are of a bold and daring style of architecture, their convenience and beauty, founded as they were, in the heart of the ancient city, form a lasting impression on the mind—the massy magnificence of their arches—their gigantic pillars looking the repose of ages—the spaciousness of their cruciform structure—the long vista of their naves and aisles—their lofty concave roofs, and splendid choirs.

I may here state for the information of such as feel an inte-

rest in Episcopal matters, that Dublin is the only See in Europe, with the exception of Saragossa, in Spain, that has two cathedrals. I have often, while wandering through the naves and aisles of those venerable buildings in my native city, mused on the departed greatness of former times as there represented in the icy marble, and monumental effigies with which they abound. The Anglo-Norman nobles of the houses of Ormonde and Kildare, to the former of whom the writer is related by immediate maternal descent, and the lordly bishop in full canonicals are there, as when in life they moved in all the temporal greatness with which they were surrounded by the age in which they lived. In the gloomy grandeur of those ancient piles, may be seen the banner, helmet, and insignia, of many a chivalric knight now mouldering in the dust beneath; and within the hearing of whose resting place, ascends as in former years, the molodious pealing of the organ, with the swelling of the anthem, in all the richness, beauty, and cadence, of the most refined and cultivated ecclesiastical music. The patriot, the poet, the warrior, the historian and the philanthropist, all rest together in silence beneath the sombre shades of venerable antiquity. There are some with whom I sympathize, who delight in the romance of their solitude and stillness, and look back with pleasing emotions to the achievements of their ancestors in the days of chivalry; and when the pale moon throws a melancholy shade over the wild mountain's brow, love to dwell on, and talk of the tales of other years; when in the language of the sublime Ossian, "chief mixed strokes with chief, and man with man—steel clanging sounded on steel, and helmets were cleft on high." Some love to sit by the burning oak, and spend the night in songs of old—of those who had been mighty in battle, and whose fame shall never fade. There are some I know with whom these sentiments will find no favor, but that can easily be accounted for, in the selfishness of this unchivalric age—it being the golden age of utilitarianism.

The beautiful public buildings of Dublin, such as the Bank of Ireland, the Four Courts, the Custom House, and the Royal

Exchange, which stand as the enduring memorials of her Protestant Parliament, reflecting most favorably on the generous spirit of her people. Dublin, though shorn of her beams since the Union, still disputes with Edinburgh and the Bath, as being the most beautiful city in the empire. From the report of a tour through Ireland, published in 1838 by Sir H. D. Inglis, a prominent member of the British Parliament, I make the following extract:

"Dublin for its size, is a handsomer city than London; Sackville street will compare with any street in Europe; Merrion-Square, and St. Stephen's Green, surpasses in extent any of the Squares in the British metropolis. There are points of view in Dublin, embracing the principal streets, the quays, with their granite walls, and beautiful bridges spanning the river, (the city being divided exactly in two by the river Liffey,) and some of the finest public edifices, more striking, I think, than any that are to be found in London, in the architectural beauty of some of her public buildings, she has just reason for pride. I need but name the Custom House, and the Bank of Ireland, with its magnificent and yet classically chaste colonnades, in proof of this assertion."

With the public buildings just mentioned, should not be forgotten Dublin Castle, which once exhibited in walls, towers, redoubts, and battlements, fosses and draw-bridges, all the elements of ancient architecture, having been almost entirely rebuilt during the latter century, now retains so little of its former lineaments, that the site only can be said to identify the modern palace, with the original castellated erection. It is divided into two courts, the entrances to which are surmounted by the figures of Justice and Fortitude; in the upper court is a collonade, forming the entrance to the apartments of the Viceroy, including the presence chamber, and St. Patrick's Hall. The lower court has on one side the Treasury, and Vice Treasurer's Office; on the other the Record Tower, and Chapel Royal. The latter is particularly worthy of notice, it is an elegant structure in the latter style of English architecture. The interior is lighted on each side with

six windows of beautiful design, enriched with tracery and embellished with stained glass; the east window which is of large dimensions and beautiful design, is of stained glass; representing our Savior before Pilate, and the Evangelists in compartments, with an exquisite group of faith, hope, and charity. The woodwork is of the finest oak, superbly carved with Gothic ornaments, as are also the panels round the galleries, pulpit, with the arms and mottos of the several Viceroys from the time of Henry the II, while the pulpit is ornamented with the arms of the Irish Archbishops. The eastern entrance is by a Gothic door, whose drop-stone is upheld corbel-wise by St. Patrick and Brien Boroihme.

The University of Dublin is also worthy of special notice, the buildings of which, from their extent and magnificence, form one of the principal ornaments of the city, consisting of three spacious quadrangles, erected chiefly after designs by Sir William Chambers. The principal front occupies the whole of the eastern side of College Green, is 380 feet long, built of Portland stone, and consists of a projecting centre, ornamented with four three-quarter Corinthian columns, supporting an enriched cornice and pediment, under which is the principal entrance; and at each extremity of the facade is a projecting pile of square building decorated with duplicated pilasters of the same order, between which is a noble Venetian window, enriched with festoons of flowers and fruit in high relief, and above the cornice which extends along the whole of the front, arises an attic surmounted by a balustrade. The entrance is by an octangular vestibule, the ceiling of which is formed of groined arches; it leads into the first quadrangle, called Parliament Square, from its having been rebuilt by the munificence of Parliament, which granted £40,000 for that purpose. This quadrangle which is 316 feet in length, and 212 in breadth, contains, besides apartments for the fellows and students, the chapel, the theatre for examinations and the refectory. The *chapel*, which is on the north side, is ornamented in front by a handsome portico of four Corinthian columns, support-

ing a rich cornice surmounted by a pediment; the interior is 80 feet in length, exclusive of a semi-circular recess of 20 feet radius, 40 feet broad, and 44 feet in height; the front of the organ gallery is richly ornamented with carved oak. The *theatre* on the south side, has a front corresponding exactly with that of the chapel, and is of the same dimensions; the walls are decorated with pilasters of the composite order, rising from a rustic basement; between the pillars are portraits of Queen Elizabeth, the foundress, and of the following eminent persons educated in the college: Primate Ussher, Archbishop King, Bishop Berkley, Dean Swift, Dr. Baldwin, William Molyneux, and John Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. There is also a fine monument of black and white marble, and pophyry executed at Rome by Hewittson, a native of Ireland, at an expense of £2,000, erected to the memory of Dr. Baldwin, formerly Provost, who died in 1750, and bequeathed £80,000 to the University. The *refectory* is a neat building ornamented with four Ionic pilasters supporting a cornice and pediment over the entrance; a spacious ante-hall opens into the dining hall, in which are portraits of Henry Flood, Lord Chief Justice Downs, Lord Avonmore, Hussey Burgh, Lord Kilwarden, Henry Grattan, the Prince of Wales (father of George III,) Cox, Archbishop of Cashel, and Provost Baldwin. Over the ante-hall there is an elegant apartment for the *Philosophy School*, furnished with a valuable collection of philosophical and astronomical instruments; and in it are delivered the public lectures of the Professors of natural philosophy and astronomy. The second quadrangle, called Library-square, is 260 feet in length and 214 in breadth, three sides of it contain the students' apartments, and are the oldest buildings in the college, the fourth side is formed by the *library*, a very fine building of granite the basement story of which forms a piazza, extending the whole length of the square, above which are two stories surmounted by an enriched entablature, and crowned with a balustrade. It consists of a centre and two pavilions at the extremities; in the western pavillion are the grand staircase, the law school and the librarian's

apartments; from the landing place large folding doors open into the library, a magnificent gallery, 210 feet in length, 41 feet in breath, and 40 feet high. Between the windows on both sides are partitions of oak, projecting at right angles from the side walls, and forming recesses in which the books are arranged; the partitions terminate in fluted Corinthian columns of carved oak, supporting a broad cornice, surmounted by a balustrade of oak, richly carved, and forming a handsome front to a gallery which is continued round the whole of the room. From the gallery rises a series of Corinthian pilasters, between a range of upper windows, supporting a broad entablature and cornice; at the basis of the lower range of pilasters are pedestals supporting busts, finely executed in white marble, of the most eminent, ancient, and modern philosophers, poets, orators, and men of learning, including several distinguished members of the University. At the extremity of this room is an apartment in a transverse direction, 52 feet in length, fitted up in a similar style, and containing the Fagel library, over which, and communicating with the gallery, is the apartment for MSS., containing records of great value, illustrative of early Irish and English history, works in the Greek, Arabic and Persian languages, and some richly illuminated Bibles and missals, This magnificent collection comprizes upwards of a 100,000 volumes, and is the largest collection in Ireland. To the north of Library square is the third quadrangle, it is wholly appropriated to chambers for the students. A temporary building in the centre contains the great bell formerly suspended in the steeple of the ancient college chapel. The *University Museum*, a handsome apartment, 60 feet long, and 40 feet wide, is immediately over the vestibule of the entrance of College Green; it comprizes under the superintendence of a curator several collections of minerals, of which there are 9,000 specimens. Among other curiosities shown, there is the harp of Brien Boroihme, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, 1014, the Marathon of ancient Ireland. The *Printing office*, founded by Dr. Stearn, Bishop of Clogher, is a handsome structure, with an elegant portico of the Doric order, and is

situated on the east of Library-square. To the south of the library is a fine garden for the fellows, and to the east of the college buildings is the *Chemical Laboratory* and *School of Anatomy*; this range of buildings, which is 115 feet in length and 50 feet in breadth, contains chemical laboratory and lecture rooms, with apartments for the Professor; a dissecting room, extending the whole length of the building, and an anatomical lecture room, 30 feet square, an anatomical museum, 30 feet long, and 28 feet wide. The *Provost's House* is on the west front of the University, and is screened from Grafton-street by a high wall with a massive gateway in the centre, The *College Botanic Gardens*, containing about 6 acres, have an extensive collection of plants, well arranged and kept in excellent order. The *College Observatory* is situated about 4 miles from the city, on Dunsink Hill; it consists of a centre, with two receding wings, the former surmounted by a dome which covers the equatorial room, and is moveable, having an aperture of 2 1-2 feet wide, which can be directed to any part of the horizon; around the dome is a platform, which commands an extensive and varied prospect. The University returns two members to the Imperial Parliament. I have given rather a full description of this eminent seat of learning, as I have felt a particular interest in doing so, not only on its own account, but from the fact that the writer's eldist brother, after having successfully graduated, died within its walls.

Sir H. D. Inglis after speaking of the various public buildings as being celebrated for their architectural beauty, has the following with regard to the University:

"This great seminary of learning, the worthy rival of the English Universities, and in usefulness and liberality far surpassing them, is an object of just pride to the Irish Nation. There are one or two important differences between the Dublin and English Universities, which must not be passed over in silence. The most important of these is, that the Dublin College receives within its walls dissenters of every denomination, and refuses to them no collegiate honors or degrees, except such as are by statute con-

nected with the ecclesiastical discipline of the University. This liberality has been attended with the best effects; the friendships formed at College have in countless instances softened the asperities of the mixed political and religious controversies by which Ireland is agitated; and has preserved a link of social connection when all other bonds were broken. Another essential difference is, that the study of the modern languages form a part of the education in Trinity College. Prizes have been established for proficiency in the French, German, and Italian languages."

In addition to the splendid line of communication afforded by the quays on both sides of the river, there are several noble avenues of fine streets; particularly Sackville-street, which is conspicuous for its great width, averaging 150 feet, the magnificence and beauty of the public buildings, which embellish it, and the lofty monument to Admiral Lord Nelson, which stands in its centre. It consists of a fluted Doric column on a massive pedestal, inscribed on each side with the name and date of his lordship's principal victories; and over that which terminated his career is a sarcophagus; the whole is surmounted by a collossal statue of the Admiral, its height is about 125 feet, and was completed at an expense of £7,000. On the southern side of the city the avenue from Kingstown is equally imposing. Both meet in College Green, a spacious area in front of the University, surrounded with noble buildings, and having in its centre an equestrian stature of the illustrious Prince of Orange, King William III, of cast metal, on a pedestal of marble.

Of the public squares, St. Stephen's Green, is the most spacious, being over a mile in circuit. There are many others besides such as Merrion Square, Mountjoy Square, Rutland Square, the areas of the several squares are beautifully laid out in gravel walks and planted with flowering shrubs and evergreens. There is beside all these the noble Phœnix Park of over 2,000 acres free to the public, I shall here give another extract from Sir H. D. Inglis, with regard to it:

"The inhabitants of Dublin are justly proud of their Phœnix

Park. Neither in extent, nor in natural beauty, will any of the London parks bear the slightest comparison with it. It was here that for the first time I saw those magnificent thorn trees, which I afterwards found so constant an adorner of every gentleman's park, and which even by the highways greatly outvie the thorns of our English lanes. The Phœnix Park is of enormous extent—said, and I believe, truly, to contain nearly 3,000 English acres. Like Greenwich Park, it has its mounts, and its fine single trees, and its shady avenues; but these are more like avenues of the *Bois de Boulogne*; and besides all this, it has its valleys and ravines, and extensive groves, with herds of deer, its miniature lakes with swan, and also splendid Zoological Gardens. In fact, the Phœnix Park, both in extent and in diversity of surface, is superior to any public Park, promenade, or prado of any European city that I know."

The same writer in his closing remarks on the city, has the following:—

"No well recommended stranger in Dublin can leave it without many pleasant recollections; for it must be associated with much of hospitality and kindness, and with much of that refinement that lends to society so great a charm. There is in Dublin all the material for the enjoyment of society, excellent houses, handsome furniture, and appointments, a sufficiency of domestics, good taste, and a will to make all these subservient to the pleasures of intercourse, and the virtue of hospitality."

Lisburn, and its Surrounding Scenery.

———o———

Lisburn is situate in the barony of Massereen, which signifies "the beautiful portion." It is in a section of the country emphatically distinguished for its pre-eminence of beauty, improvement and prosperity.—In a district whose wealth, commerce, geographical extent, and magnificent scenery, elevate it to a pitch of splendor in the history of Ulster, with which no other district of that province can enter into competition. It is the second town in a county highly distinguished by art and nature, and is justly honored in the pages of history, for its enjoyment of all that intelligence and social comfort, to which a prosperous industry in the hand of Christian benevolence, never fails to introduce mankind. When we look for beauties in the Wicklow scenery, or the grandeur of the Highlands of Scotland, we feel that there is something wanted to complete the picture, There is no life—there is no relieve. They are as it were beautiful or grand, but lone and deserted. The generality of the people justly prefer the enlivening scenery which that part of the country presents. The various beauties of plantation and bleach-green, of lake and waterfall, of plain and mountain, of grove and woodland;—where sloping hills, magnificent vistas, verdant vales, fertile fields, high cultivated grounds, and inviting villas shine, indicate to the traveler that he is in the Eden of Erin! It is almost impossible to bring any country to a state of higher perfection, or find a happier display of scenery than that surrounding Lisburn. In the direction of Belfast, it is one continued chain of rich plantation beauty. A minute description of all the works of art and nature which

combine to produce this perfection would be incompatible with the limits of this sketch; but when the reader presents to his imagination a magnificent landscape bounded in front by the Belfast mountains, watered by the river Lagan, besprinkled with beautiful villas; bleach greens upon the mountain side, glistening in the dancing rays of Phœbus; cottages white as snow, with cropped hedges, inclosing gardens and orchards that bend under the weight of their productions; vallies teeming with the gifts of Ceres; those venerable monuments of antiquity the "round towers," with numerous spires and steeples here and there suddenly starting up—and all in full view of the traveler, over charming roads, which pass through demesnes and villas of incomparable beauty.

So much for the free circulation of the Scriptures, and as a natural result the industry of Protestant Ulster, the Goshen, of Ireland

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POETRY.

———o———

THE BRITISH ISLES.

THE Isles, the Isles, the British Isles!
Our own, our fatherland,
Where e'er we go we think of them
On many a foreign strand.

The homes of early years are there,
The joys of days gone by,
Which memory oft recalls to mind
Beneath a foreign sky.

The happy hours of childhood fled.—
The scenes of early years
Have passed along the stream of time
Down through the vale of tears.

Old England's tranquil happy shores,
Where live the brave and free;—
Her sons are found in every land,
Her fleets on every sea.

The bonnie hills of Scotland dear,
Her wild romantic glens,—
The land of Bruce and Bannockbnrn,
Which freedom still defends.

The fertile plains of Erin's Isle,—
That ancient land of song,
Whose noble deeds on high appear
Against oppression's wrong.

The ancient deeds of great renown,
Her sons have nobly wrought,
Are seen on many a battle-field,
Where hero-like they fought.

The shamrock, and the thistle-rose,
So gracefully entwined,
May they in union ever prove
A blessing to mankind.

God bless the Queen of Britain's Isles,
And bless the Britons too,
May peace within their borders dwell,
Where waves the Orange-Blue! R. R. B.

THE LAND IN WHICH MY FATHERS LIVED.

THE Land in which my Fathers lived.
In days of other years,
How sweet the name is always heard
And pleasing it appears.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
And also of their birth,
In which were spent their happy days,
Of young and joyous mirth.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
In boyhood and in youth,
Its memory ne'er shall be effaced,—
Engraven as on truth.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
In manhood's riper years,
'Mid varying scenes of active life,
That memory still endears.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
And where they also died,
Shall in my heart forever dwell,
And with my soul abide.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
In days of "auld lang syne"
To guard fair Derry's ancient walls,
In the glorious olden time.

The Land in which my Fathers lived,
By Antrim's mountain hills,
Near Lisnagarvey's ancient town,
Which peace and order fills.

The Land in which my Fathers lived
Forevar fare thee well!
Shall I no more return to thee
Or thou O Magheragall? * R. R. B.

* In English; "the Plain of the West." The name of a Parish situated on a section of rising ground to the south west, of the Belfast range of mountains, where it forms their termination.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN.

(County of Antrim, Ireland.)

How far expended is the view
Which meets the eye from thee;
Thy every height shows something new,
That still can pleasant be.

Thy beauteous landscape still presents
A charming view before,
And brings to mind gone-by events,
No time shall e'er restore.

Before thee is the ancient town
Of Lisnegarvey* seen,
Where famous deeds of high renown,
In other days have been.

Far in the distant Mourne† appears,
With her great mountain chain,
As in the days of other years,
When forests filled the plain.

From Belfast up to Lough Neagh's shore,
By Lagan's peaceful wave,
Where happy homes still charm thee more,
And always pleasure gave.

The placid waters of Lough Neagh‡
Are seen far to the west,
And seem as if they thus would say:
"There is a land of rest."

Far in the distance to the north,
Are Antrim's mountain hills,
Whose lofty heights do there show forth
A scene which beauty fills.

The Scotia mountains, o'er the sea,
In bold relief appear,
To show the land where man is free'
And truth has nought to fear

R. R. B.

---

* Vide pp 6, 11, 17, '96.

†Slieve Donard, or "the mountain of Donard" is the highest of the Mourne mountains; it is connected with some of the earliest events in Irish history; commencing with the settlement of the first Scythian colony in the 15th century B. C. up to the 5th century A. D. it was called after a leader of that people named Partholan; after that, it received its present name from a missionary who built an oratory there.

‡ Lough Neagh, situate in the Province of Ulster, is the largest lake in the United Kingdom · and is remarkable for the beauty of its surrounding scenery, from its placid bosom arises the beautiful islet, known as Ram's Island, (it is kept in excellent order by the occupant, and is well worthy the attention of the tourist)—in the centre of it remains entire one of those old Druidic round towers, for which Ireland has been so famous in ancient times. Their origin is involved in some obscurity, for after tracing back more than two thousand years, they disappear in the dim twilight of remote Scythian antiquity.

Moore in one of his Melodies thus alludes to the subject:

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays
When the calm clear eve's declining
He sees the Round Towers of other days.
In the waves beneath him shining.

ACROSTIC ON "A PRESBYTERIAN."

[From the *Protestant Watchman* Feb. 9th 1849.]

A BEAM of heavenly hope doth cheer
P oor fallen man below—
R elieves him still whene'er oppressed—
E ncircles from all woe:
S hall be his guide while life endures,
B e happiness in death;
Y ea then with lustre it will shine,
T hroughout his latest breath.
E ncouragement from Christ our Head,
R emaineth for us still;
I f we but to his word would keep,
A nd act upon his will,—
N o more from Him we'd go astray. R. R. B.

ACROSTIC ON "THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT."

T HE noble cloud of witnesses that lived in other years,
H ave left behind them honored names, which mem'ry still reveres;—
E ncouraged by their zealous deeds, and their undying fame,

S till may we follow in their path, whose principles we claim;
O 'er many strong and powerful foes, as victors they returned.—
L ike Christian heroes still their souls with pious ardor burned.
E ach heart was fixed while there they stood, a noble fearless band,—
M ighty for the cause of Truth in Scotia's favored land,—
N e'er giving up the joyful hope of that immortal life.—

L eaning still on Christ their guide, 'midst scenes of trouble rife—
E nduring all things for the Truth, so nobly here they stood
A rrayed against all evil powers, resisting unto blood,
G aining life and joy and peace through the merits of His cross,
U nto him they gave all praise, in the mountain, glen, and moss
E ndued with living faith in Christ, His Covenant and Crown,

A bright and sure reward was theirs, though all the world should frown,
N o earthly power could e'er prevail against the chosen few;
D eath tried his strength in vain upon the faithful and the true.

C onvened by Truth the martyrs fell, 'midst Scotia's mountain fog,
O n the Pentland Hills, at Ayrs-moss, in Bothwell and Drumclog,
V aliant in the righteous cause, through Christ their Cov'nant Head
E vincing still their faith in Him, who for his people bled;
N ew strength and courage from above they ever did receive,
A s onward here in faith they went, their triumphs to achieve.
N ear unto His people still, is the power of God on high,
T o comfort all who trust in Him, and bring them to the sky. R. R. B.

THE VISION.

A Poem on the slaughter of Mr. Richard Cameron, and others at Ayrs-moss, on the 22nd of July, 1680. *Written by an Ayrshire shepherd lad.*

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirlands of mist, where the martyrs lay
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood.
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east,
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew.
Glisten'd sheen 'mong the heath-bells, and mountain flowers blue

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitudes, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valley breath'd music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scen'ry of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Conceal'd 'mong the mist, where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheath'd,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreath'd;
With eyes turn'd to heaven, in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist, and in darkness, and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightening, as firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding,
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before you,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

———o———

WORDS OF AN OLD IRISH AIR.

Count not the hours while their silent wings,
  Still waft them in fairy flight,
For feeling warm from the purest springs
  Shall hallow this scene to night.

And while the magic of joy is here,
  And the colors of life are gay,
Let us think upon those who have loved us dear,
  The friends who are far away.

Few are the hearts that have proved the truth
  Of their early affection's vow,
Then let those few, the beloved of youth,
  Be dear in their absence now.

Oh! vivid long in the faithful breast,
  Shall the gleam of remembrance play,
Like the lingering light in the fading hear
  When the sun beam has passed away.

Soft be the dream of their pleasant hours,
  Calm be the seas they roam;
May the path they travel be strewed with flowers
  Till it brings them in safety home.

And if we whose hearts are o'erflowing thus
  Ourselves should be doomed to stray,
May some kind orison rise for us
  When we shall be far away.

THE EXILE.

Alas! the living glories of the Earth,
That poetry of God which gave them birth,
The mountains, lakes, the valleys and the streams,
Those eyes of landscape loveliness, whose beams
Reflect Joy's halo over all— whose light
Dispels the mists of others' Sorrow's Night,
No more to me bring peace. In vain I gaze
Upon the leaf and flower; they cannot raise
The shadow of a shade's tranquillity
Within a breast that knows no sympathy.

The gay and glorious universe of things,
An antepast of all that Heaven brings.
Yon circle now which spreads before my view,
That realizes Fancy's brightest hue;
The book which Deity himself did choose,
When Nature wrote as his appointed Muse,—
All—are to my dark mind's imaginings
A dream of mutable and treacherous things.

Oh! there is music in the murmuring breeze—
A sweetness in the song of rustling trees.
But sad to me the melody serene,
For thoughts of happier days— of what I've been—
Bring that dark heartlessness which did beseem
The Hebrews when they wept by Babel's stream.
And as in freedom roll'd the mocking billow,
They hung their unstrung harps upon the willow.

What recks it to the Exile wandering here,
From friends afar and all that life holds dear,—
That he beholds those scenes on every side
Where laughing seasons lavish all their pride?

The darkest spot on Being's bleakful chart
Is the lone Exile's heavy bursting heart,
As mourns he all the joys God ever gave,
Lie wreck'd beneath Misfortune's treacherous wave!
Like Noah's bird sent from the sheltering ark,
The world he ranges. desolate and dark;
No kindred soul to calm his burning breast,
Or spot whereon his wearied foot can rest!
Launch'd on the sea of life without an oar,
In vain he seeks some hospitable shore!
Tho' to the stranger's eye his smile beseems
As if he knew and felt kind Fortune's beams.
Ah! could his sad sear'd soul be ken'd within,
That very smile would be despair's own grin!
If scorn'd the 'Man of Sorrows' was—unknown,
And when he came, received not by his own.
If caves the foxes had, the birds their nest,
Whilst He knew not whereon his head to rest.

From the cold world, oh! can the Exile dare
Expect a foreign soil with him would share
A soothing balm, to mitigate that strife
Which gnaws his heart away in Spring of life?

Ah! well can I conceive the galling sting,
Which thoughts of better days to exiles bring.
Home! sad remembrance, yet forever dear,
'Still breath'd with sighs—still usher'd with a tear.
If e'er I thee or thine forget—be then
My heart's cold blood the ink that fills my pen!
If e'er on foreign soil I sing a song,
And thee remember not, my tongue be dumb;
Whene'er my soul shall not for thee expand,
My Lyre be broken—wither'd be my hand.

Friends of my Home! when 'mong the festive crowd—
'Mid Music's syrens—when the laugh is loud;
When on some *favorite's* natal day the Ball
Is kept, and Beauty walks thy ancient hall—
When pleasure reigns, and mirth's on every tongue—
Oh! think on *him, thy exiled child of Song!*
Him, o'er whose Harp, in wither'dness of heart,
Oft waken feelings which lost joys impart:
Who 'mid the stranger's sneers, thy name still breathes—
That name pronounc'd, the sword of sorrow sheathes!—
Drys up the tear, and breaks the bursting sigh,
Which started at the scowl and cold reply!

When on some happy Christmas holy-day,
The banquet is enjoy'd and all is gay;
When ev'ry heart is filled with joy and gladness,
And Bacchus gives a bowl that drowns your sadness;
When Fancy o'er each mind her spells has flung,
And feeling pours its soul from every tongue—
Oh! you by fortune favored, rich in health,
And wanting nought possessed by worldly wealth,
By friendship honor'd and by love carest—
Forget not him by Sympathy unblest!
But 'mid the blaze of Beauty's brilliant throng,
In sportive dance—the jest—the jovial song
Remember him whose life-path teems with woe,
And sing the songs which Misery's minstrels know!

When Music's witchery each soul awakes,
And Memory of the past a survey takes—
Brings back the vision of those happy years,
Ere blasted bliss to solitude and tears
Consign'd those hearts, who on Life's sunny stream
Believ'd the gilding rays would always beam:
And when you tell the tale * * * what did retard
Those joys—Remember then the friendless Bard!

BAYLE.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
  Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
Well then may Erin's sons adore,
  The Isle which nature form'd so fair;
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
  As Shannon great, or pastrol Bann,
And who a friend or foe can meet,
  So generous as an Irishman.

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
  But principle is still his guide;
None more repents a deed of harm,
  And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be dup'd but won't be dar'd,
  More fit to practice than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
  And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange and poor for you he'll pay,
  And guide you where you safe may be,
Are you his guest while e'er you stay,
  His cottage holds a jubilee,
His inmost soul he will unlock,
  And if he may your merits scan.
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
  For faithful is an Irishman,

By honor bound in woe or weal,
  Whate'er she bids he dares to do:
Tempt him with bribes, he will not fail,
  Try him in fire, you'll find him true;
He seeks not safety, let his post
  Be where in ought, in danger's van;
And if the field of fame is lost,
  'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Erin, lov'd land, from age to age,
  Be thou more great, more famed, more free;
May peace be thine, or should'st thou wage
  Defensive war, cheap victory;
May plenty bloom in ev'ry field,
  Which healthful breezes softly fan,
And pleasure's smiles serenely gild
  The breast of every Irishman.

JAMES ORR.

THE BRITISH IN PORTUGAL.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight;
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead—
Lacks not artillery flashing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightening's flash, in ruin and in speed.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valor deck her crown.
Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
And her's their scorn of death in Freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws.

And, oh! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land!
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave,
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset staid

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless. frank and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And He,* yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine own.

THE HUGUENOT BATTLE HYMN.

Now, glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our soverign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now, let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France

* Wellington.

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre;

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living Power who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre!

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high;
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled, from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "Long live our Lord the King.'—
"And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
"For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
"Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
"And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
"Charge for the golden lilies now— upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, Heaven be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
"Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair, for those who never shall return
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY

THE DEEP.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea, for ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee, whose thunders nought can tame.
The Dorian flute, that sigh'd of yore along thy wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more on Zion's awful hill.
And Memnon's too, hath lost the chord that breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd are with her eagles flown.
And mute the Moorish horn, that rang o'er stream and mountain free,
And the hymn the learn'd Crusaders sang hath died in Galilee.
But thou art swelling on, thou deep, through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er te sleep until the close of time!

THE BRAVE OLD WORLD.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

There once was a world and a brave old world
  Away in the ancient time,
When the men were brave and the women fair,
  And the world was in its prime,
And the priest he had his book,
  And the scholar had his gown,
And the old knight stout, he walked about,
  With his broadsword hanging down

Ye may see this world was a brave old world,
  In the days long past and gone,
And the sun, he shone, and the rain, it rained,
  And the world went merrily on;
The shepherd kept his sheep,
  And the milkmaid milked her kine,
And the serving-man was a sturdy loon
  In a cap and a doublet fine.

And I've been told, in this brave old world,
  There were jolly times and free;
And they laughed and sung, till the welkin rung,
  All under the greenwood tree;

The sexton chimed his sweet, sweet bells,
  And the huntsman wound his horn,
And the hunt went out, with a merry shout,
  Beneath the jovial morn.

Oh! the golden days of the brave old world,
  Made hall and cottage shine!
The squire, he sat in his oaken chair,
  And quaffed the good red wine;
The lovely village maiden,
  She was the village queen,
And, by the mass, tripped through the grass,
  To the Maypole on the green.

When trumpets roused this brave old world
  And banners flaunted wide,
The knight bestrode his stalwart steed,
  And the page rode by his side;
And plumes and pennons tossing bright
  Dashed through the wild melee,
And he who prest, amid them best
  Was lord of all, that day.

And ladies fair, in the brave old world,
  They ruled with wondrous sway,
But the stoutest knight, he was lord of right,
  As the strongest is to-day;
The baron bold, he kept his hold,
  Her bower his bright ladye,
But the forrester kept the good greenwood,
  All under the greenwood tree.

Oh, how they laugh'd in the brave old world,
  And flung grim care away!
And when they were tired of working,
  They held it time to play.
The bookman was a reverend wight,
  With a studious face so pale,—
And the curfew-bell, with its sullen swell,
  Broke duly on the gale.

And so went by, in this brave old world,
  Those merry days and free;
The king drank wine and the clown drank ale,
  Each man in his degree;
And some ruled well, and some ruled ill,
  And thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days
  When the world was in its prime.

NAPOLEON'S EPITAPH.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"The moon of St. Helena shone out, and there we saw the face of Napoleon's sepulchre, *characterless uninscribed.*"

And *who shall write thine epitaph?* thou man
Of mystery and might·

Shall orphan hands
Inscribe it with their fathers' broken swords?
Or the warm trickling of the widow's tear,
Channel it slowly 'mid the rugged rock,
As the keen torture of the water drop
Doth wear the sentenced brain?

Shall countless ghosts
Arise from Hades, and in lurid flame
With shadowy fingers trace thine effigy,
Who sent them to their audit unanneal'd,
And with but that brief space for shrift or prayer,
Given at the cannon's mouth?

Thou who didst sit
Like eagle on the apex of the globe,
And hear the murmur of its conquered tribes,
As chirp the weak-voiced nations of the grass,
Why art thou sepulchered in yon far Isle,
Yon little speck, which scarce the mariner
Descries 'mid ocean's foam? Thou who didst hew
A pathway for thy host above the cloud,
Guiding their footsteps o'er the frost-work crown
Of the thron'd Alps,— why dost thou sleep unmark'd,
Even by such slight memento as the hind
Carves on his own coarse tomb.stone?

Bid the throng
Who pour'd thee incense, as Olympian Jove,
And breath'd thy thunders on the battle field,
Return, and rear thy monument. Those forms
O'er the wide valleys of red slaughter spread,
From pole to tropic, and from zone to zone,
Heed not thy clarion call. But should they rise,
As in the vision that the prophet saw,
And each dry bone its sever'd fellow find,
Piling their pillar'd dust, as erst they gave
Their souls for thee, the wondering stars might deem
A second time the puny pride of man
Did creep by stealth upon its Babel stairs,
To dwell with them. But here unwept thou art,
Like a dead lion in his thicket-lair,
With neither living man, nor spirit condem'd,
To write thine epitaph.

Invoke the climes,
Who serv'd as playthings in thy desperate game
Of mad ambition, or their treasure strew'd
Till meagre famine on their vitals prey'd
To pay thy reckoning.

France! who gave so free
Thy life stream to his cup of wine, and saw
That purple vintage shed o'er half the earth,
Write the first line, if thou hast blood to spare.
Thou too, whose pride did deck dead Cæsar's tomb
And chant high requiem o'er the tyrant band
Who had their birth with thee, lend us thine arts
Of sculpture and of classic eloquence
To grace his obsequies, at whose dark frown
Thine ancient spirit quail'd; and to the list
Of mutilated kings, who glean'd their meat
'Neath Agag's table, *add the name of Rome.*
—Turn, Austria! iron brow'd and stern of heart,
And on his monument, to whom thou gav'st
In anger, battle, and in craft a bride,
Grave *Austerlitz*, and fiercely turn away.
—As the rein'd war-horse snuffs the trumpet-blast,
Rouse Prussia from her trance with Jena's name,
And bid her witness to that fame which soars
O'er him of Macedon, and shames the vaunt
Of Scandinavia's madman.

From the shades
Of letter'd ease, Oh Germany! come forth
With pen of fire, and from thy troubled scroll
Such as thou spread'st at Leipsic, gather tints
Of deeper character than bold romance
Hath ever imag'd in her wildest dream.
Or history trusted to her sibyl-leaves·
Hail lotus crown'd! in thy green childhood fed,
By stiff-neck'd Pharaoh, and the shepherd kings,
Hast thou no tale of him who drench'd thy sands
At Jaffa and Aboukir? when the flight
Of rushing souls went up so strange and strong
To the accusing spirits?

Glorious Isle!
Whose thrice enwreathed chain, Promethean like
Did bind him to the fatal rock, we ask
Thy deep memento for this marble tomb.
—Ho! fur-clad Russia! with thy spear of frost,
Or with thy winter-mocking Cossack's lance,
Stir the cold memories of thy vengeful brain,
And give the last line of our epitaph.
—But there was silence: for no sceptred hand
Receiv'd the challenge.

From the misty deep
Rise, Island-spirits! like those sisters three,
Who spin and cut the trembling thread of life;
Rise on your coral pedestals, and write
That eulogy which haughtier climes deny.
Come, for ye lull'd him in your matron arms,
And cheer'd his exile with the name of king,
And spread that curtain'd couch which none disturb,
Come, twine some trait of household tenderness
Some tender leaflet, nurs'd with Nature's tears
Around this urn. But Corsica, who rock'd
His cradle at Ajaccio, turn'd away,
And tiny Elba, in the Tuscan wave
Threw her slight annal with the haste of fear,
And rude Helena sick at heart, and grey
'Neath the Pacific's smiting, bade the moon,
With silent finger, point the traveller's gaze
To an unhonor'd tomb.

Then Earth arose,
That blind, old Empress, on her crumbling throne,
And to the echoed question, "*Who shall write Napoleon's epitaph?*" as one who broods
O'er unforgiven injuries, answer'd "*none.*"

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

BY PROCTOR—(BARRY CORNWALL.)

AWAKE! 'tis the terror of war!
The crescent is tossed on the wind:
But our flag flies on high like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
They are foes to the good and the free;
Go, bid them first fetter the might of the waves!
The sea may be conquered,—but we
Have spirits untamable still,
And the strength to be free,—and the will!

The Helots are come: In their eyes
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us,—but shall they despise?
They are come; shall they ever return?
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone!

Our fathers,—each man was a god,
  His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshipped: he trod,
  And thousands fell worshippers round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun.
He bade, and his bidding was done.

And we—shall we die in our chains,
  Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns?
  Are they princes of Europe or Ind?
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul!

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

The muffled drum roll'd on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turn'd to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measur'd tread,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving o'er the bier,
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain:
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not to clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be number'd amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own lov'd shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceas'd their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground:
A volley was fir'd, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:

He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bow'd on the cold damp ground,
He rais'd his head, his tears were done,—
The FATHER had pray'd o'er his ONLY son.

———o———

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had still'd the harp of the troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.
The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provencal shore:
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpets' breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
But meekly the voice of the Lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—
So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead!
—Oh, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirr'd below!

Hark! a swift step: she hath taught its tone
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan.
Is her lord return'd with his conquering bands?
No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
"Hast thou been on the field? art thou come from the host?'
"From the slaughter, Lady! all, all is lost!
"Our banners are taken—our knights laid low—
"Our spearmen chas'd by the Paynim foe—
"And thy lord'—his voice took a sadder sound
"Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
"There are those who tell that the leader's plume
"Was seen on the flight, through the gathering gloom!"

A change o'er her mien and spirit pass'd:
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast.
She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty.

"—Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
"And fear not to say that their soul hath fled?
"Away!—he is lying by lance and shield:—
"Point me the path to his battle field!
Silently, with lips compress'd,
Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye;—
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Mov'd the Lady midst the slain.
She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
That look'd without soul to the starry sky;
She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
Not there, not there he lay!
"Lead where the most hath been dar'd and done;
"Where the heart of the battle hath bled;—Lead on!"—
And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree
That wav'd o'er a fountain red:
Oh, swiftest there had the current free,
From noble veins been shed!
Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
And the broken shields were toss'd,
And the shiver'd lances cross'd—
HE WAS THERE! the leader amidst his band,
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
And his country's flag to his bosom clasp'd!
She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—
The time was not yet for their wave to flow;
And a proud smile shone o'er her paled spair,
As she turn'd to her followers—"Your lord is there!
"Look on him know him by scarf and crest!
"Bear him away with his sires to rest!"

There is no plum'd head o'er the bier to bend—
No brother of battle—no princely friend:
By the red fountain the valiant lie—
The flower of Prevencal chivalry.
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.
"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong!
"My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
"Now call me hence by thy side to be:
"The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
"Give me my home on thy noble heart!
"Well have we loved—let us both depart!"
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay.
The living cheek to the cheek of clay.

The living cheek! oh, it was not in vain
That strife of the spirit, to rend its chain!—
She is there, at rest, in her place of pride!
In death, how queen-like!—a glorious bride!
From the long heart-withering early gone:
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

———o———

THE STARS OF NIGHT.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

["The blind Poetess of Ulster" Ireland.]

WHENCE are your glorious goings forth,—
Ye children of the sky,
In whose bright silence seems the power
Of all eternity?
For time hath let his shadow fall
O'er many an ancient light;
But ye walk on in brightness still—
O, glorious stars of night!

The vestal lamp of Grecian fane
Hath faded long ago:—
On Persian hills the worshipped flame
Hath lost its ancient glow;—
And long the heaven-sent fire is gone,
With Salem's temple bright;—
But *ye* watch o'er wand'ring Israel, yet,
O, changeless stars of night!

Long have ye looked upon the earth,
O'er vale and mountain-brow;
Ye saw the ancient cities rise,
Ye gild their ruins now:
Ye beam upon the cottage home—
The conqueror's path of might;
And shed your light alike on all,
O, priceless stars of night!

And where are they who learned from you
The fates of coming time,
Ere yet the pyramids arose
Amid their desert clime?
Yet still in wilds and deserts far,
Ye bless the watcher's sight,—
And shine where bark hath never been,
O, lovely stars of night!

Much have ye seen of human tears—
Of human hope and love,—
And fearful deeds of darkness too,—
Ye witnesses above!
Say; will that blackening record live
Forever in your sight,
Watching for judgment on the earth,—
O, sleepless stars of night!

How glorious was your song that rose
With the first morning's dawn!
And still amid our summer sky,
The echo lingers on;—
Though ye have shone on many a grave,
Since Eden's early blight,
Ye tell of hope and glory, still—
O, deathless stars of night!

———o———

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

The peasant dreams of lowly love,—
The prince of courtly bowers,—
And exiles through the midnight, rove
Among their native flowers:—
But flowers depart, and sere and chill,
The autumn leaves are shed,
And roses come again—yet still,
My dreams are of the dead.

The voices in my slumbering ear
Have woke the world, of old,—
The forms that in my dreams appear
Have mingled with the mould:
Yet still they rise around my rest,
In all their peerless prime,—
The names by new-born nations blest—
The stars of elder time!

They come from old and sacred piles,
Where glory's ashes sleep,—
From far and long-deserted aisles,—
From desert or from deep,—
From lands of ever verdant bowers,
Unstained by mortal tread;—
Why haunt ye thus my midnight hours,
Ye far and famous dead?

I have not walked with *you* on earth
  My path is lone and low,—
A vale where laurels have not birth,
  Nor classic waters flow:
But on the sunrise of my soul
  Your mighty shades were cast,
As cloud waves o'er the morning rolls,—
  Bright children of the past!

And oft, with midnight I have met
  The early wise and brave,
Oh, ever great and glorious, yet,
  As if there were no grave!
As if upon their path of dust,
  Had been no trace of tears
No blighted faith, no broken trust
  Nor waste of weary years!

But ah! *my* loved of early days,—
  How brightly still they bring
Upon my spirit's backward gaze
  The glory of its spring!
The hopes that shared their timeless doom
  Return as freshly green
As though the portals of the tomb
  Had never closed between!

Oh! man may climb the mountain snows,
  Or search the ocean wave,—
But who will choose to walk with those
  Whose dwelling is the grave?—
Yet when upon that tideless shore
  His sweetest flowers are shed,
The lonely dreamer shrinks no more
  From visions of the dead!

———o———

THE PICTURE OF THE DEAD.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

A CHIEF from his distant forest came,
  To the pale one's lonely tent;
And he brought such gifts as a prince might claim,
  By an Indian monarch sent:—
And "bright may the sun on thy dwelling shine!"
  Said the warrior of the wild,—
"Stranger, the gifts I bear are thine,
    Who has given me back my child!

"My child who passed to the spirit-land,
In the sunrise of her years:—
I have looked for her in our woodland band
Till mine eyes grew dim with tears:
But her shadow bright by thy pencil traced,
Still sweet in my dwelling smiled
And the hearth she left is not yet a waste,—
Thou hast given me back my child!

"I laid her low in the place of graves,
Where the ever-silent slept
And the summer grass in its greenness waves
Where an Indian warrior wept:—
For bright was our star, that early set,
Till we lost its lustre mild
But she lives in her changeless beauty yet,—
Thou hast given me back my child!

"And say! when our young, who loved her well,
Like the pines grow old and hoar,
Will her youth still last, as they that dwell
Where the winter comes no more?
When the early love of her heart is low
Will she smile as she ever smiled?
Oh! safe from the withering hand of woe
Hast thou given me back my child?

"'Tis well with those of thine eastern land;
Though their loved ones may depart
The magic power of the painters hand
Restores them to the heart.
Oh! long may the light of *their* presence stay,
Whose love *thy* griefs beguiled!
And blessings brighten thy homeward way,—
Who hast given me back my child!"

———o———

STREAMS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Ye early minstrels of the earth,—
Whose mighty voices woke
The echoes of its infant woods,
Ere yet the tempest spoke!
How is it that ye waken still
The young hearts happy dreams,
And shed your light on darkened days
Oh bright and blessed streams!

Woe for the world! she hath grown old
  And gray, in toil and tears;—
But ye have kept the harmonies
  Of her unfallen years:
Forever, in our weary path
  Your ceaseless music seems
The spirit of her perished youth,—
  Ye glad and glorious streams!

Your murmurs bring the pleasant breath
  Of many a sylvan scene,—
They tell of sweet and sunny vales,
  And woodlands wildly green.
Ye cheer the lonely heart of age,—
  Ye fill the exile's dreams
With hope and home and memory,—
  Ye unforgotten streams!

Too soon the blessed springs of love
  To bitter fountains turn,
And deserts drink the stream that flows
  From hope's exhaustless urn,
And faint, upon the waves of life,
  May fall the summer beams,—
But they linger long and bright with you,
  Ye sweet unchanging streams!

The bards—the ancient bards—who sang
  When thought and song were new,
O, mighty waters! did they learn
  Their minstrelsy from you?
For still, methinks, your voices blend
With all their glorious themes,
  That flow forever fresh and free
As the eternal streams!

Well might the sainted seer of of old,
  Who trod the tearless shore,
Like many waters deem the voice
  The angel hosts adore!
For still, where deep the rivers roll,
  Or far the torrent gleams,
Our spirits hear the voice of God,
    Amid the rush of streams!

THE SPANISH CONQUESTS IN AMERICA.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

SHADES of Columbia's perished host!
How shall a stranger tell
The deeds that glorified your coast,
Before its warriors fell.
Where sleeps thy mountain muse, Peru!
And Chili's matchless hills of dew,
Had they no harp to freedom true,
No bard of native fire
To sing his country's ancient fame,
And keep the brightness of her name
Unfading as the worshipped flame?—
The wealth of such a lyre
Outvalues all the blood-bought ore
That e'er Iberia's galleons bore.

Iberia! on thine ancient crown
The blood of nations lies
With power to weigh thy glory down,—
With voice to pierce the skies!
For written with an iron pen,
Upon the memories of men
The deeds that marked thy conquests then,
Forever more remain:—
And still the saddest of the tale
Is Afric's wild and weary wail,—
Though prelates spread the slaver's sail, *
And forged the Negro's chain;
The curse of trampled liberty
Forever clings to thine and thee!

* A bishop is said to have suggested to the emperor Charles the Fifth, the necessity of introducing Negro slaves into the American colonies.

———o———

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman s nursing there was dearth of woman's tears
But a comrade stood beside him as his life blood ebbed away
And bent, with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said "I never more shall see my own, my native land.
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground.

That we fought the battle bravely and when the day was done,
Full many corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun,
And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars:
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was still a truant bird that thought my home a cage:
For my father was a soldier and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild,
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard
I let them take whate'er they would but kept my father's sword
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home with glad and gallant tread
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame:
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friends, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison.)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard or seemed to hear
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still,
And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk
And her little hand lay lightly,—confidingly in mine
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine,

———o———

WEEP NOT FOR HIM THAT DIETH.

BY MRS. NORTON.

"Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more; nor see his native country."—Jeremiah XXII 10

WEEP not for him that dieth—
For he sleeps, and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast;
But weep for him who pineth
On a far land's hateful shore,

Who wearily declineth
  Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth
  For friends are round his bed,
And many a young lip sigheth
  When they name the early dead:
But weep for him that liveth
  Where none will know or care,
When the groan his faint heart giveth
  Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,
  For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flieth
  Is a world of misery:
But weep for him that weareth
  The captive's galling chain:
To the agony *he* bearcth,
  Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth
  For *he* hath ceased from tears,
And a voice to his replieth
  Which he had not heard for years;
But weep for him who weepeth
  On that cold land's cruel shore—
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,
  Weep for the dead no more.

———o———

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The stranger's heart! oh! wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vines low rustling leaves,
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play,
A lovely sight at fall of day;—
Then are the stranger's thoughts oppressed—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend with friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then does the stranger's eye grow dim,—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band—
Oh! 'midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart.

———o———

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Messages from the living to the dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time, and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affections."

Thou'rt passing hence my brother!
  Oh! my earliest friend farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
  In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills and from the hearth
  And from the household-tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth
  The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
  Thou'rt speeding to the shore,
Where the dirge like tone of parting words
  Shall smite the ear no more!
And thou will see our holy dead:
  The lost on earth and main:
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
  Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell then, our friend of boyhood
  That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
  Passed like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
  The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
  That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
  The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
  With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
  Tender and sadly sweet;—
Tell her my heart within me burns
  Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-haired father
  That in the paths he trod!

The child he loved, the last on earth
  Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
  Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
  Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
  That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth
  As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
  Our good and bright will see!
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell,
  Ere long, with them and thee.

———o———

THE YOUNG PASTOR.

BOARDMILLS

He came to see his father's hall—
  Sweet cottage of the West—
He came to grace, at Beauty's call,
  The home his heart loved best

He came, in manly bloom and power,
  The son of many a prayer;
He came to rest in Mossy-bower,
  For sunshine lingered there.

He came, the herald of the Lord,
  With honours freshly strewn:
He came to speak the Holy Word,
  To hearts so like his own.

He came to cheer the parent hearts,
  His own, his dearest shrine;
He came to prove the mystic arts,
  So often proved Divine.

He came, and many thronged around—
  The good, the learned, the fair;
And eyes did beam, and hearts did bound—
  Such eyes, such hearts were there!

And sweetly poured the voice of song,
  In tones of thrilling power,
From maiden lips, that made us long
  To chain the happy hour.

He came to summon up the past
  From Memory's treasured store—
The joys of youth too sweet to last—
  That can return no more.

He came with manhood's ardent gaze,
  To look where none may ope;
To read the book of coming days,
  Which none may read, but hope.

He came from the land of hill and flood,
  The land of the good and brave—
All sprinkled yet with martyr-blood,
  All gemmed with the martyr grave.

To that land he turned in hope and fear,
  At duty's sacred call—
His own adopted, holy sphere,
  His future home and all.

He looked around where all was dear,
  The scenes of halcyon days;
The home of love, and light, and cheer,
  The alta home of praise

The aged sire, the mother loved,
  The sisters good and fair,
The brother fond, the friends so moved,
  All circled round him there.

Home, kindred, country, bade him stay,
  And Church he loved so true;
He loved them all—but turned away,
  With voiceless, fond adieu.

We bade him go—for Erin owes.
  To Scotia's church her son,
(The shamrock for the thistle-rose,)
  For Scotia gave us one.

May Bethlehem's lovely star him guide,
  And smile in radiance down;
Long may he waft Christ's banner wide,
  "For Covenant and Crown."

Loved may he liv—missed may he di—
  Souls prosper in his hand—
Nor come the day, when he shall sigh
  He left his fatherland.

THE REFORMATION.

BOARDMILLS.

Where is the God of Salem? where
Our Scottish glory given?
Where Knox's spirit—Melville's care—
The soul of fire, the hand to dare,
Reforming gifts of heaven?

Where Scotia, from her hills of blue,
Her glens and mosses given,
When the truth burst on her view,
And the crucifix she threw,
And seized the Book of Heaven!

Where Knox her banner led,
From Popery now riven—
The sword she took—no blood she shed—
The victory was won—she raised her head
Amid the blaze of heaven!

The nations saw—nor saw in vain—
Away the foe was driven;
And Europe from the gloomy reign
Of terror rose, and blessed again
The holy light of heaven!

Thus Salem wept at Babel's stream,
Where foemen her had driven—
She mourned, she sighed, she saw the beam
Of hope descend—it looked a dream,
But, 'twas the God of heaven!

———o———

THE THREE PROPHETS.

BOARDMILLS.

Isaiah's heights, his lofty numbers sung
Israel's prophet of the golden tongue—
Ezekiel, he passed the solar road—
With eagle eye, beheld the coming God!

Jeremiah rose, in darker day,
When Judah's God had turned his face away—
Amid Jerusalem's harp, now with the tempest riven,
Jeremiah's sighs to mourn the wrath of Heaven.

Lo! Ezekiel, in the captive hour,
Prophesied with fire—instinct with life and power—
Their [illegible] proved yet, seeing far, revealed
The glorious glory, as the promise sealed.

Hail mighty three! for chiefs ye be, among
The chiefest sons of Zion's sacred song—
Be mine the task, though far behind your flight,
Fearless to follow to the realms of light.

By day, by night, your spirit rolls sublime,
To mock all rival all the books of Time—
And ever, through your radiant milky road
Of heavenly mind, I'll rise to Zion's God.

God of the prophets, ay th' Almighty same!
Inspire my heart to sing thy wond'rous name—
And while I live, to Thee alone belong
The praise and glory of my votive song.

———o———

ERIN, MAVOURNEEN.

BY MISS TIMS OF DUBLIN.

Fair land of my birth, though away from thy shore,
My heart seems to cherish thee only the more,
To love thee the better bright gem of the sea—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

In joy or in sorrow, in weal or in woe,
Thy memory ne'er doth my spirit forego;
But in calm or in tempest, turns still true to thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

When pleasure's the watchword, and joy's sun is brightest,
Thought retraces those days which were gayest and lightest;
Child and girlhood's fair morn passed through quickly in thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

Thought returns to my home, to the place of my birth—
To those whom my heart once held dearest on earth;
And with their loved forms it must needs too, link thee
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

I think of the halls where in childhood I bounded—
I think of the glen where my young voice resounded,
And sigh for those glad days, I sigh too for thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

'Tis not I can remember a great many years—
'Tis not my life compassed with trials or fears;
But my thoughts hope hath fled since I parted from thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

And I sigh for those days when bright fancy's wing,
Hovering [illegible] object, robbed grief of its sting,
And hope's sun could so quickly cause all clouds to flee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

Yea, many a vision of greatness and fame,
My country, was mingled and linked with thy name;
Aye, many a dream was expended on thee—
Oh, Erin, mavourneen, acushla machree!

THE NURSE'S SONG

The following beautiful lullaby is a literal translation from the Irish.

SLEEP my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep;
The sun sleepeth upon the green fields,
The moon sleepeth upon the blue waves,
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

The morning sleepeth upon a bed of roses,
The evening sleepeth on the tops of the dark hills;
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

The winds sleep in the hollow of the rocks,
The stars sleep upon a pillow of clouds;
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep,

The mist sleepeth on the bosom of the valley,
And the broad lake under the shade of trees;
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

The flower sleeps while the night dew falls,
And the wild birds sleep upon the mountains;
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

The burning tear sleepeth upon the cheek of sorrow;
But thy sleep is not the sleep of tears:
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

Sleep in quiet, sleep in joy, my darling,
May thy sleep never be the sleep of sorrow;
Sleep my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep.

THE MUSIC OF ST. PATRICK'S* CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The choral music of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, is almost unrivalled in its combined powers of voice, organ and scientific skill—the majestic harmony thus produced is not a little deepened by the character of the cathedral, which though small, yet with its dark rich fretwork, knightly helms and banners, and its monumental effigies, seems all filled and overshadowed by the spirit of chivalry and piety. The imagination never fails to recognise it as a fitting scene for high or mournful rites; a place to witness the solitary vigil of a king, or to resound with the funeral march at the burial of some warlike king."

All the choir
Sang Hallelujah, as the sound of seas.
MILTON.

AGAIN, oh! send that anthem peal again
Thro' the arch'd roof in triumph to the sky!
Bid the old tombs ring proudly to the strain,
The banners thrill as if with victory!

Such sounds the warrior awe-struck might have heard,
While arm'd for fields of chivalrous renown;
Such the high hearts of kings might well have stirr'd
While throbbing still beneath the recent crown.

Those notes once more!—they bear my soul away,
They lend the wings of morning to its flight
No earthly passion in the exulting lay,
Whispers one tone to win me from that height,

All is of heaven!—yet wherefore to mine eye
Gush the vain tea s unbidden from their source?
Ev'n while the waves of that strong harmony
Roll with my spirit on there sounding course.

Wherefore must rapture its full heart reveal
Thus by the burst of sorrow's token shower?
—Oh! is it not that humbly we may feel
Our nature's limit in its proudest hour?

* It may not be amiss to inform some of our readers that St. Patrick's is a Protestant Church

———o———

ACROSTIC ON A YOUNG LADY.

MAY joy and gladness find in thee a sure abiding home,
A nd everything that cheers the mind wherever it may roam—
R ound all the paths of active life in constant changing time,
I n every form of noble worth that dwells in every clime.
A source of pure and living joy with thee is ever found,—

L ife's brightest hues and sunny dreams with thee shall still abound
O 'er sorrow's shade when it appears and all around is dark,
U nfading forms of clearest light shall blot out every mark,—
I n pleasure's train where sorrow flees and everything is bright
S hall be thy rest while passes on life's dark and dreary night.
A s for the joys of coming time wherever they are cast,

B eforo thee may the future be as what has been the past,
E vincing through each passing hour that thou art still the same,
L ong may the days of coming time thy joyousness proclaim!
S till sweetly blending all the gentler graces of the mind
H armoniously together the ills of life to bind.
A constant source of happiness forever shall be thine,
W ith which all scenes of coming joy will gracefully combine.

R. R. B.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES FREEMAN, ESQ.

An Elegy on the death of JAMES FREEMAN, Esq. of the city of Dublin, an intimate friend and correspondent of the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, who departed this life, the 17th November 1771, in the 32nd year of his age. From the last printed copy extant, published in 1772.

ADIEU, dear brother, thou hast run the race,
Thy labors now are crowned with solid peace;
Great consolation fills thy heaven born soul
Which will increase while endless ages roll
Though like a tender plant or fading flower,
Cast down and withered in one fleeting hour;
So felt thy mortal frame the stroke divine,
So heard thy soul the voice, "Arise and shine:"
And sweetly answered; "O my LORD I come:"
Thus died the christian, when his work was done.

"His work," say some "he no good work could do,
JESUS hath purchased all for me and you.
The price is paid, the ransom's fully given
Only believe, believe, and your's is heaven."
It's true my friends, in point of our salvation
CHRIST hath done all, good works are the condition;
Which we as much believe from faith will flow,
As that good fruit on a good tree will grow,

But to return and trace awhile my friend,
How did he every precious talent spend,
In serving his great Master and his LORD,
Who did to him both gifts and grace afford,
It shone conspicuous what in him was wrought
Witness his labors at the Gravel Walk;*
His passionate desire was often seen,
When calling home the wandering sons of men
His sweet entreaties mixed with fervent zeal
Did o'er the sinner's stubborn heart prevail;
So did the rock like melting wax appear,
When JESUS owned His favorite messenger:
He likewise filled the place† conferred by man,
And labored much the needy to sustain,
Gladdening the poor, afflicted, and distrest,
Comforting widows and the fatherless;
That lesson he was never known to learn,
Barely to tell the poor, "Be filled and warmed."
No: but his open heart and liberal hand
Were ever ready at His LORD's command

* Now Hendrick St., Dublin. Meaning his pious and ardent labors in a Methodist Preaching House, towards the erection of which he was the principal contributor and preached the first sermon within its walls. As a rather singular coincidence it may be mentioned, that after its re-erection some fifteen years since it was re-opened by his son-in-law the late Rev. WILLIAM STEWART, one of the most prominent members of the Irish Wesleyan Church.

† Referring to when he was appointed one of the Church Wardens of St. Luke's Parish, Dublin.

Thus he went on his faith by works to show,
Still conscious who the blessings did bestow,
And with a cheerful heart e'en to the end
Gave all the glory to the sinner's Friend :
So lived and died the man by GOD approved,—
Let us pursue him as he did his LORD.

O may we all the solemn warning take
Before the dead are summoned to awake,
The cry will issue and the trump will sound—
Sinner, consider, where wilt thou be found!
How stands thy case? speak, conscience do thy part,
Give the secure to feel thy keenest dart;
Bring forth each Demas now to open light,
Show them the darkness of Egyptian night,
Which like a massy weight doth clog
That soul which always might rejoice in GOD.

O may all such lay every weight aside,
And get an interest in the Crucified;
But you who do the grace of GOD retain,
I know you love the favorite FREEMAN'S name;
But O beware, let not your grief exceed
The bounds of Christian love, for one that's freed
From all the troubles of a weary life,
And through JEHOVAH conquered in the strife;
No: rather let us all with strength renewed,
By his example scale the mount of GOD;
His GOD is our's, his grace is ever free,
Only fight on: we're sure of victory.

Time rolls apace, eternity draws near,
JESUS on his white throne shall soon appear
To crown each conqueror with immortal joy,
Which through eternity shall never cloy;
There we shall in eternal songs of praise
Join our dear Brother in his loftiest lays!
With love inspired, no jar shall there be found,
But tranquil pleasures murmur all around,

But shall I close my little mite of love,
And seemingly forget, or fondly rove
To things more distant? no: I must return
To her who has the greatest cause to mourn;
Namely his other self; my friend arise,
Look up, behold he beckons from the skies;
He bids thee cast on GOD thy every care,
Dry up thy tears, and meet thy partner there.
GOD will provide, his promises are sure,
Only remember to the end endure;
And may the pledges of your mutual love
Aspire to yon celestial joys above:
There may we altogether meet, and sing
One ceaseless hallelujah to our King.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE RICHARD BELSHAW, ESQ.

To the memory of the late RICHARD BELSHAW, Esq. of Magheragall, Co. Antrim, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, Ballinderry, who departed this life in the year 1838. Written by the Rev. HENRY LEEBODY, Presbyterian Minister, Ballinderry, Co. Antrim.

AND shall I not remember thee
  Thou dear departed friend ?
No more on earth thy form I'll see
  Sweet peaceful hours to spend.

But still to me thy memory's sweet,
  And in my heart entwined,
The glorious hope we yet shall meet
  Can cheer the pensive mind

I saw thee in the trying hour
  When death was hovering near
And *then* I saw Religion's power
  Forbidding every fear.

Thy only wish was greater grace
  To bear thy Master's will
No murmuring at His rod had place
  'Twas *praise* or *prayer* still

And who that stood by thy death bed
  Can e'er forget that scene,
The joy, the hope in CHRIST thy Head
  The look of love serene.

Sweet blessed all redeeming grace,
  How bright in thee it shone !
A glory seemed to fill the place—
  Thy Saviour did thee own.

Farewell, dear Saint, awhile farewell,
  My hope is that we'll meet
In endless bliss with CHRIST to dwell
  And there each other greet.

O may my death be like to thine !
  My latter end be peace,
Supported, cheered by grace divine
  Till all my trials cease.

Then borne on angel's wings away
  The happy soul shall flee,
To bask in beams of endless day,
  And CHRIST forever see.

THE SIGNING OF THE COVENANT IN THE GREY-FRIARS' CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

From the *Lays of the Kirk and Covenant* by Mrs. Menteath.

March 1, 1638.

"This was the day of the Lord's power, in which multitudes offered themselves most willingly, like the dewdrops of the morning—this was, indeed, the great day of Israel wherein the arm of the Lord was revealed—the day of the Redeemer's strength, on which the princes of the people assembled to swear their allegiance to the King of kings."—ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

I'M old! I'm old! I'm very frail! my eyes are dim with age—
Scarce can I trace the words of life upon this sacred page;
Then out upon the unquiet heart!—that yearns, and will not rest,
To be where Scotland rallies now her truest and her best!

I heard them with the earliest dawn! I heard them gathering fast—
A sound, as on the mighty sea, the menace of the blast—
A mingled sound of thousand feet, and voices blent in one,
And on the living spring-tide swept—and I was left alone

Alone! alone! oh wearily the day hath lingered by!
With now and then a far-off shout, cleaving the distant sky:
Yet have I wrestled with my GOD—some hours as moments past;
But age halts soon—my son, my son! it is thy step at last!

"Father! a solemn eve hath fallen—a mighty deed is done—
Pledged to his country and his GOD—re eive and bless thy son!
And pray, my father—ceaseless pray—that I may never shame,
The oath of GOD, to which this day I have affixed my name!

—"We met within the ancient walls, where once the Greyfriars ruled,
A concourse vast of earnest men, in common danger schooled;
Earth's titled ones—GOD's ministers—poor—rich—together driven—
CHRIST'S flock awaiting 'neath the storm, their Shepherd's sign from heaven!

"And solemnly, oh solemnly! went up the breath of prayer,
The silence, as a shadow, brooding o'er the thousands there—
Only the pulse of each strong heart amid the stillness heard,
Through which the voice of Henderson a nation's suit preferred!

"Ay, father! there was One, amid our convocation then,
Whose eyes are as a flame of fire, to search the souls of men;
Whose spirit moving wondrously, from heart to heart, can bring—
A willing people to the feet of their Almighty King!

"And when the noble Loudon spake of Scotland's gospel prime,
Her Covenants of other days—her glad espousal time—
How fearless, through the wilderness, her GOD she followed still,
And found a very present help in every time of ill—

"Till one by one, her mighty men were gathered to their graves,
And sons, degenerate from their sires, made CHRIST's own freemen slaves—
Discrowning His anointed head to gem an earthly brow—
Making our Father's holy house the ruin it is now!—

"Oh! then there was such weeping, through that bowed and silent throng,
Such self-accusing bitterness for guilt contracted long,
Such binding of the broken vows upon the soul once more—
That very moment made us free—as we were free of yore!

"And now, with tone distinct and clear, as one whose word is power,
Johnston of Warriston stood forth, (GOD's gift in danger's hour,)
A mighty parchment in his hand, from which he read—the while
A sudden sunburst filled the place with heaven's approving smile!

"He ended—and there was a pause—a pause of holy fear—
Who, to test the oath of GOD, shall first adventure near—
It was not doubt, but solemn awe, and self-distrusting shame,
And that each deemed his brother bore a less unworthy name!

"Till the good Earl of Sutherland—the brave old Earl and true,
One moment bowed his reverent head, then toward the table drew;
'So deal my GOD with me, and mine, till latest ages be,
As we prove steadfast in this bond, I bind on them and me!'

"Then followed Rothes quickly on—Cassilis, and Hay and Home;
Montrose, as if almost he grudged to lose the foremost room—
Loudon, his country's beacon-light amid her mirkiest hour,
With many a noble name beside—a kingdom's hope and flower!

"Now Henderson, the called of GOD—Dickson, the owned of heaven,
(Surely a blessing waits the land to which such guides are given!)
Guthrie—as though upon the cast his life he longed to stake,
And Rutherford, with look inspired—as if his master spake!

"Bless GOD, my father, who hath lent the land we love so well,
Sons valiant for the truth on earth, more than my tongue can tell—
To name but those already proved by many a searching test,
Would wile us from the hour of prayer, and steal thy midnight rest!

"Yet must thou hear—when all had signed within the house of GOD,
How still a multitude without, each on the other trod—
Pressing with fervent footsteps on, and many an earnest prayer,
That they in Scotland's Covenant might register their share!

"Oh! Arthur's Seat gave back the shout of that assembled crowd,
As one bare forth the mighty bond—and many wept aloud—
They spread it on a tombstone head—(a martyr slept beneath)—
And some subscribed it with their blood, and added 'Until death!'

"Ay! young and old were moved alike—with prayers, and groans and tears,
Surely the fruit of such a day is yet for many years!
And, owned in heaven, the strong appeal of each uplifted hand,
As evening's sun went down upon the covenanted land!"

—That old man rose up in his place—he bared his locks of gray;
"Lord, let thy servant now depart, for I have seen this day—
Upon my head in early youth, John Knox's hand hath lain,
And I have seen his buried work unsepulchred again!

"Speed on thou covenanted cause! GOD's blessing upon thee!
Baptized in Scotland's dearest blood—albeit thou needs must be—
CHRIST came not to send peace on earth—only may that red rain,
Still fructify thy living seed till He return again!

"My country! oh my country! yea for thee the light is sown,*
Only be steadfast in thy trust—let no man take thy crown!
Thine be the standard-bearer's place! the post of suffering high—
GOD's blessing on the Covenant—I'll sign it ere I die!"

* Ps. xcvii. 11.

PEDEN AT THE GRAVE OF CAMERON.

From the *Lays of the Kirk and Covenant* by Mrs. Menteath.

A SOUND of conflict in the moss! but that hath passed away,
And through a stormy noon and eve the dead unburied lay;
But when the sun a second time his fitful splendors gave,
One slant ray rested, like a hope, on Cameron's new-made grave!

There had been watchers in the night! strange watchers gaunt and grim,
And wearily—with faint lean hands, they toiled a grave for him—
But ere they laid the headless limbs unto their mangled rest,
As orphaned children sat they down, and wept upon his breast!

O! dreary, dreary, was the lot of Scotland's true ones then—
A famine-stricken remnant, wearing scarce the guise of men;
They burrowed, few and lonely, 'mid the chill, dank mountain caves,
For those who once had sheltered them were in their martyr graves!

A sword had rested on the land—it did not pass away—
Long had they watched and waited, but there dawned no brighter day;
And many had gone back from them, who owned the truth of old,
Because of much iniquity their love was waxen cold!

There came a worn and weary man to Cameron's place of rest,
He cast him down upon the sod—he smote upon his breast—
He wept as only strong men weep, when weep they must, or die—
And, "Oh! to be wi' thee, Ritchie!" was still his bitter cry!

"My brother! O my brother! thou hast passed before the time,
And thy blood it cries for vengeance, from this purple land of crime;
Who now shall break the bread of life unto the faithful band—
Who now upraise the standard that is shattered in thine hand!

"Alas! alas! for Scotland! the once beloved of heaven—
The crown is fallen from her head—her holy garments riven—
The ashes of her Covenant are scattered far and near,
And the voice speaks loud in judgment—which in love she would not hear!

"Alas! alas! for Scotland! for her mighty ones are gone,
Thou, brother—thou art taken—I am left almost alone;
And my heart is faint within me, and my strength is dried and lost,
A feeble and an aged man—alone against a host!

"O pleasant was it, Ritchie, when we two could counsel take,
And strengthen one another to be valiant for His sake
Now seems it as the sap were dried, from the old blasted tree,
And the homeless—and the friendless—would fain lie down with thee!"

It was an hour of weakness—as the old man bowed his head,
And a bitter anguish rent him, as he communed with the dead;
It was an hour of conflict—and he groaned beneath the rod—
But the burthen rolled from off him as he communed with his God!

"My Father! O my Father! shall I pray the Tishbite's prayer,
And weary in the wilderness, while Thou wouldst keep me there!
And shall I fear the coward fear, of standing all alone,
To testify for Zion's King, and the glory of His throne!

"O JESUS! blessed JESUS! I am poor, and frail, and weak,
Let me not utter of mine own—for idle works I speak—
But give me grace to wrestle now, and prompt my faltering tongue,
And breathe Thy name into my soul, and so I shall be strong!

—"I bless Thee for the quiet rest thy servant taketh now—
I bless Thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow—
For every step he trod, in faithful following Thee,
And for the good fight foughten well—and closed right valiantly!

"I bless Thee for the hidden ones, who yet uphold Thy name,
Who yet for Zion's King and Crown shall dare the death of shame—
I bless Thee for the light that dawns even now upon my soul,
And brightens all the narrow way with glory from the goal!*

"The hour and power of darkness—it is fleeting fast away—
Light shall arise on Scotland—a glorious gospel day—
Woe! woe! to the opposers, they shall shrivel in His hand—
Thy King shall yet appear for thee, thou covenanted land!

"I see a time of respite—but the people will not bow—
I see a time of judgment—even a darker time than now—
Then LORD uphold Thy faithful ones—as now Thou dost uphold—
And feed them, as Thou still hast fed, Thy chosen flock of old!

"The glory! O the glory! it is bursting on my sight,
Lord! thy poor vessel is too frail for all this blinding light!
Now let Thy good word be fulfilled, and let Thy kingdom come,
And, LORD, even in Thine own best time, take thy poor servant home!"

Upon the wild and lone Airsmoss, down sank the twilight grey,
In storm and cloud the evening closed upon that cheerless day;
But Peden went his way refreshed, for peace and joy were given—
And Cameron's grave had proved to him the very gate of heaven!

* Peden was believed by many to possess the gift of prophecy.

———o———

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

[From the N. Y. *True American*, Nov. 25 1854.]

Lines written on the untimely death of Miss J———, of Dublin, who perished on board the ill-fated United States Mail Steamer *Arctic*, which sank within four hours after being ran into (while going at the rate of 13 knots an hour, through a dense fog without giving any alarm signals) by the French screw propeller *Vesta*, off Cape Race, on the 27th of September, 1854, during the passage from Liverpool to New York.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh, Death!
MRS. HEMANS.

SHE sleepeth now on the ocean's breast,
By the dark Atlantic's wave,
Where lies the pride of many a heart,
Entombed in a watery grave.

No fond memorial marks the place,
  To tell where her form was laid,—
No friendly hearts by her grave shall stand.
  To show their affection paid.

Her winding sheet was the ocean-spray—
  Her tomb was the ocean deep—
O'er her resting place the ocean waves,
  Her requiem ever shall keep.

Methinks I look on the quarter deck,
  And see its full freight of life,
So soon to fall by the fatal shock,
  In the depth of ocean strife,

Her form was seen in that hopeless throng,
  There gathered in mute despair,
While the march of death came steadily on,
  And the grave was opening there.

When the vessel went finally o'er,
  There arose one piercing cry,
But the dull monotonous sea roll'd on,
  Where death was hovering nigh.

In the watery depths there resteth now
  The hopes of many a year,
Which live no more in the hearts of those,
  There laid on an ocean bier.

How sad was the fate for one so young,
  In the midst of Life's gay morn,
While happiest dreams of future joy,
  The mind did ever adorn.

How little we know the fate of an hour,
  That in the future may loom,
To scatter our fondest hopes on earth,
  In clouds of heaviest gloom

R. R. D.

FRAGMENTS.

FRIENDSHIP.

Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again
  On this side of Jordan's shore,
But may we live so as to meet
  Where troubles are no more.

When far across the ocean wide
  In other lands I dwell,
The distance ne'er shall rend the tie,
  Or break the magic spell.

But memory still shall fond recall
Where'er my lot be cast,
The kindness thou has shown to me
In days that are gone past.

R. R. B.

THE MOSS ROSE.

SWEET rose! thy grateful odors rise
In praise of Him above,
Who placed thee here to sympathise
With beauty and with love.

Thy form with fragrance fills the air
With gentle sweetness round,
Dispelling thoughts of toil and care,
Where thou art ever found.

R. R. B

LIBERTY.

OH! Liberty! thrice sweet and glorious name,
Thy praise is heard in every land the same.
Beneath the shade of dark Oppression's throne,
And in the dying Exile's parting groan,
Wherever dwells a heart of noble worth,
There thou art worshipped.

R. R. B.

———o———

THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

———"Sing aloud
Old songs the precious music of the heart."—WORDSWORTH

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight!
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved!

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall:
The songs that through our valleys green
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them wh n the vale
Is filled with plumy sheaves;
The woodman by the starlight pale
Cheered homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep;
Where the dark rocks crest our shore,
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! a light they shed
On each old fount and grove,
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men
Thy bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen,
Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the house;
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which oft it stirred,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where, like the stag; they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies;
The songs your fathers loved!

LAYS OF THE ULSTER MINSTRELSY.

Piously transmit them to posterity.—CLARENDON.
Their songs shall be heard in other times when the kings of Temora have failed.—OSSIAN
Familiar in their ears as household words.—SHAKSPERE.

THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

REV. J. GRAHAM.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

FULL many a long wild winter's night,
And sultry summer's day,
Are past and gone since James took flight,
From Derry walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate
Against the wily foe;
But here, to time's remotest date,
Their spirit still shall glow,
So here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few;
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay;
Our 'prentice boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play:
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.
When honor calls to Derry walls,
The noble and the brave,
Oh! he that in the battle falls
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound;
While thousands in wild war's array
Stood marshalled all around.

Each hill and plain was strewn with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood;
But all was vain the town to gain,
Here William's standard stood.
Renowned are those who face their foes,
As men and heroes should;
But let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's bright rolls appear
Emblazoned in renown:
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe;
And gallant Murray's bloody sword,
The Gallic Chief laid low.
We honor those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory:
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be!

Oh! sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see;
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek,
With want and terror pale;
They heard the child's expiring shriek,
Float on the passing gale!
Yet here they stood, in field and blood,
As battle raged around;
Resolved to die, till victory,
Their purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights these heroes gained
In many a hard-fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own?
Oh, surely no! the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.
Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true;
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

———o———

THE RELIEF OF DERRY.

REV. JOHN GRAHAM.

TUNE—"My ain kind dearie, O."

THE gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, O;
The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, O.
And here we are, renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded, O;
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, O.

The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, O,
While we the gallant Browning hail,
Who saved us all from dying, O.
Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us O,
Through floods and flame, an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, O.

Oh! when the vessel struck the boom,
And pitched, and reeled, and stranded, O.
With shouts the foe denounced our doom.
And open gates demanded, O;
And shrill and high arose the cry,
Of anguish, grief and pity, O:
While, black with care, and deep despair,
We mourned our falling city, O.

But, Heaven her guide, with one broadside
The laden bark rebounded, O;
A favoring gale soon filled the sail,
While hills and vales resounded O.
The joy-bells ring, "Long live our king,"
Adieu to grief and sadness O;
To heaven we raise the voice of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, O.

———o———

THE MAIDEN CITY.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Tune—"Le Petit Tambour."

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign;

A holy temple crowned her
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet.
And here she sat alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vowed the maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty eight,
A plumed and belted lever*
Came to the Ferry gate;
She summoned to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted "No surrender"
And slammed it in his face,
Then, in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will,
That the maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer† came,
(The royal banner o'er him,
Blushed crimson deep for shame:)
He showed the pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused,
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallowed grave-yard yonder,
Swells with the slaughtered dead.
Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,
It was for us they bled!
And while their gift we own, boys,
The fane that tops our hill,
Oh! the maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,

* Lord Antrim. † King James.

We'll look to One above us,
  Who ne'er forsook the right:
Who will may crouch and tender
  The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, "No Surrender,'
  No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
  No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the maiden on her throne, boys,
  Shall be a maiden still,

———o———

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.* A. D. 1690

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

It was upon a summer's morn, unclouded rose the sun,
And lighty o'er the waving corn their way the breezes won;
Sparkling beneath that orient beam, 'mid banks of verdure gay,
Its eastward course a silver stream held smilingly away.

A kingly host upon its side a monarch camped around,
Its southern upland far and wide their white pavilions crowned,
Not long that sky unclouded showed, nor long beneath the ray,
That gentle stream in silver flowed, to meet the new-born day,

Through yonder fairy haunted glen,† from out that dark ravine,
Is heard the tread of marching men, the gleam of arms is seen;
And plashing forth in bright array along yon verdant banks,
All eager for the coming fray, are ranged the martial ranks.

Peals the loud gun, its thunders boom the echoing vales along,
While curtained in its sulphurous gloom moves on the gallant throng;
And foot and horse in mingled mass, regardless all of life,
With furious ardor onward pass to join the deadly strife.

* This river has been hallowed by events the most interesting in our country's annals. So memorable in ancient history, and so rich in monuments of the past is it, that we fear not to assert that the history of Ireland may be written on its banks. * * * * Scarcely a ford upon this river, but was disputed in days gone by—every pass was a Thermopylæ; and scarcely a knoll, or mound, or rock, or bank, but still retains its legend. * * * The plains of Meidbe, and the flowery fields of Breghia, through which the Boyne flows, appear to have been the first cultivated in Ireland; and it is more than probable that one of the earliest waves of population passed up the stream of this great river, settled upon its banks, and left their bones in the numerous barrows and tumuli still remaining upon its shores. Beyond all doubt, the earliest authentic kings of Erin reigned upon its banks where also the earliest laws were framed, the earliest poems sung, and the most profound druidical mysteries enacted. Soldiers and sages, bards and Brehons, have commemorated many of its localities; the romance of Irish history is laid amidst the scenery of this river, and much of the imagery of our earliest poets was drawn from this fertile source. Patrick first landed at the Boyne's mouth, and raised the beacon of the cross at Slane; his first sermons were preached, and his first conversions took place,

Where in delightful streams,
The Boyne, the darling of the ocean, flows.

Foreign invaders, the Dane and the Norseman, first entered this kingdom on its waters. The earliest seats of learning, and the most renowned schools of Christian philosophy which our annalists record, had their seats by its margin; parliaments and councils were held in its castles; and kingdoms, in battles fought by kings, were lost and won upon its banks.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

†King William's glen near Townley-hall.

Nor strange that with such ardent flame each glowing heart beats high,
Their battle word was William's name, and "Death or Liberty:"
Then, Oldbridge, then thy peaceful bowers with sounds unwonted rang,
And Tredagh, mid thy distant towers, was heard the mighty clang.

The silver stream is crimsoned wide, and clogged with many a corse,
As floating down its gentle tide, come mingled man and horse;
Now fiercer grows the battle's rage, the guarded stream is crossed,
And furious, hand to hand engage each bold contending host.

He falls, the veteran hero falls,* renowned along the Rhine,
And he,† whose name, while Derry's walls endure, shall brightly shine;
Oh! would to Heaven that churchman bold, his arms with triumph blessed,
The soldier spirit had controlled that fired his pious breast.

And he, the chief of yonder brave and persecuted band,
Who foremost rushed amid the waves, and gained the hostile strand:
He bleeds brave Caillemote, ‡ he bleeds, 'tis closed, his bright career,
Yet still that band to glorious deeds his dying accents cheer,

And now that well contested strand successive columns gain,
While backward James's yielding band are borne across the plain;
In vain the sword green Erin draws, and life away doth fling,
Oh! worthy of a better cause and of a bolder king.

In vain thy bearing bold is shown upon that bloodstained ground;
Thy towering hopes are overthrown, thy choicest fall around;
Nor, shamed, abandon thou the fray, nor blush, though conquered there—
A power against thee fights to-day, no mortal arm may dare.

Nay, look not to that distant height in hope of coming aid,
The dastard thence has ta'en his flight, and left thee all betrayed;
Hurrah! hurrah! the victor shout is heard on high Donore;
Down Platten's vale, in hurried rout, thy shattered masses pour.

But many a gallant spirit there retreats across the plain,
Who, change but kings, would gladly dare that battle field again;§
Enough! enough! the victor cries; your fierce pursuit forbear,
Let grateful prayer to Heaven arise, and vanquished freemen spare.

Hurrah! hurrah! for liberty, for he the sword we drew,
And dared the battle, while on high our Orange banners flew;
Woe worth the hour, woe worth the state, when men shall cease to join
With grateful hearts to celebrate the glories of the Boyne.

* Duke Schomberg.
† Walker, the defender of Derry.
‡ The commander of a regiment of French Protestants.
§ This alludes to the expression attributed to Sarsfield; "only change kings, and we'll fight the battle over again."

THE DEATH OF SCHOMBERG. A. D. 1690.

BY DIGBY PILOT STARKEY.

["Frederick Schonberg, or Schomberg, first developed his warlike talents under the command of Henry and William II, of Orange; afterwards obtained several victories over the Spaniards; reinstated on the throne the house of Braganza; defeated in England the last hopes of the Stuarts; and finally died at the advanced age of eighty-two, at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690."]

'Twas on the day when kings did fight beside the Boyne's dark water,
And thunder roared from every height, and earth was red with slaughter;
That morn an aged chieftain stood apart from mustering bands,
And, from a height that crowned the flood, surveyed broad Erin's lands.

His hand upon his sword-hilt leaned, his war-horse stood beside,
And anxiously his eyes were bent across the rolling tide;
He thought of what a changeful fate had borne him from the land
Where frowned his father's castle-gate,* high o'er the Rhenish strand,

And placed before his opening view, a realm where strangers bled,
Where he, a leader, scarcely knew the tongue of those he led;
He looked upon his chequered life, from boyhoods' earliest time,
Through scenes of tumult and of strife, endured in every clime—

To where the snows of eighty years usurped the raven's stand,
And still the din was in his ears, the broad-sword in his hand.
He turned him to futurity beyond the battle plain,
But then a shadow from on high, hung o'er the heaps of slain.

And through the darkness of the cloud, the chief's prophetic glance
Beheld with winding sheet and shroud, his fatal hour advance;
He quailed not, as he felt him near the inevitable stroke,
But, dashing off one rising tear, 'twas thus the old man spoke:

"God of my fathers! death is nigh, my soul is not deceived,
My hour is come, and I would die, the conqueror I have lived:
For Thee, for Freedom, have I stood—for both I fall to day,
Give me but victory for my blood, the price I gladly pay,

"Forbid the future to restore a Stuart's despot gloom,
Or that, by freemen dreaded more, the tyranny of Rome!
From either curse, let Erin freed, as prosperous ages run,
Acknowledge what a glorious deed upon this day was done!"

He said—fate granted half his prayer, his steed he straight bestrode,
And fell, as on the routed rear of James's host he rode;
He sleeps in a cathedral's gloom,† amongst the mighty dead;
And frequent o'er his hallowed tomb, redeedful pilgrims tread:
The other half, though fate deny, we'll strive for, one and all,
And William's, Schomberg's spirits nigh, we'll gain, or fighting fall!

* Schonberg, or "the mount of beauty," is one of the most magnificent of the many ancient ruinous castles that overhang the Rhine. It had been the residence of the chiefs of a noble family of that name, which existed as far back as the time of Charlemagne, and of which the Duke of Schomberg was a member.

† St. Patrick's, Dublin.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN. 1574.

In the days of the olden time, when the spirits of men were strong,
And a few in a righteous cause would defy an opposing throng,
From the might of the hosts of Spain, there was won an unsullied crown,
By the hands of the burghers bold—by the men of the ancient town
Of Leyden upon the Rhine.

For a false and tyrant king would have rent their old rights away,
And the Inquisition dark, both body and soul would slay,
Till, throughout all the Netherlands, neither action nor thought was free;
Ha! they rose in their thousands then, by the shores of the northern sea,
And William of Orange was chief.

And the Spaniards like locusts came, and were spread over all the land,
And the burghers were all unskilled to encounter them hand to hand;
But their ramparts were stout and high, and were held by a fearless throng,
And behind them the freemen fought, and guarded their homes from wrong,
In spite of the Spanish hosts.

And fully twenty thousand souls in old Leyden were closely pent,
And the leaguer had lasted long, till the whole of their food was spent;
For the foeman with many a tower had girded the city about,
So that none could break through and bear the sad tale to their friends without,
Or bring a relief within,

And when famine had pinched them sore, and they died from want in the street;
For the grass and the weeds on the wall were all they had left to eat;
And the Spaniards summoned them then, for they knew of their woful plight;
"While ther 's flesh on one arm for food, with the other we'll dare the fight,"
Replied the bold burghers back.

But the news to the chieftain came, by a carrier pigeon sent,
And the hearts of the brave beat high, as to succor the town he went;
But his forces were all too few; so he broke down the ocean banks,
Till the long waves came leaping in, and they scattered the Spanish ranks,
So Leyden was saved from war.

But the billows had shut them up, and the famine still raged amain,
And they sank and they died for want, on the shore of the watery plain;
And a fleet of two hundred sail, deep laden with stores for food,
Could not reach the o'er-famished throng, for the blustering winds withstood,
And kept back the rising tide.

And two days did they watch and wait, while the wind from the Northward blew;
And they sank and they died for want, with the ships of their friends in view;
But a change on the third day came, for the strong winds had veered about,
And the ships came careering on with many a sturdy shout,
And many a feeble cheer.

They were saved! and with joyful hearts, they gave thanks unto God on high,
Who had sent their good prince with help, when the yoke or the grave was nigh;
And the fight of the free was won, for the Spanish had fled away,
And the Orange was waving proud, on the ramparts and turrets grey
Of Leyden upon the Rhine.

Lisburn. L. D.

———o———

THE SPANISH ARMADA. A. D. 1588.

[Philip of Spain, having long meditated the destruction of England, and the extermination of the Protestant religion, determined on an invasion. The fleet was ostentatiously called "the invincible armada." We refer to the subjoined ballad for an account of the termination of the enterprise.]

"RANK out! rank out, ye burghers bold! rank out, ye yeomen true!
Ho! gallant squires and royal knights, there's work for you to do:
And ye stout barons of the land, brace on your armor bright,
The Spanish fleet is on the main—now God defend the right!

And rushing steed and beacon blaze the warlike tidings sped,
And north and south, and east and west, the stern alarum spread;
And village green and castle court rang with the quick array,
And joyously the English ships dashed out from Plymouth bay.

With haughty hopes, and purpose fell, the dread armada came,
For papal lips had hallowed it, and fixed its boastful name;
And Jesuit sly, and cowled friar, and shaven monk were there,
Deep versed in every butcher art, in every priestly snare.

And seven-score ships, both strong and tall, were sailing on the main,
Well stuffed with Romish racks and screws, and cavaliers of Spain;
And as they reached the Lizard point, their squadron they extend,
And stretched away in crescent huge, seven miles from end to end.

But gallant Howard 'countered them in all their grim array,
Though eighty ships were all the force old England had that day.
Yet fearlessly, right on their foes, the daring seamen steered,
And loud their cheers rnag o'er the sea as still "the dons" they neared.

And first with fire-ships drifting down, to trample them he strove,
Then full on their disordered line the "Royal Ark" he drove;
And while before his booming shot the van gave way in fear,
Still Hawkins, Drake, and Frobisher were thundering on their rear.

And all along the narrow seas for eighteen days they sped,
And still the English warriors chased, and still the Spaniards fled:
Like swallows from the swooping hawk, so fled the foe away,
Till Howard drove their shattered ships up beyond Berwick bay.

The strife of men was over, the din of battle slept;
But down upon the crippled fleet the wrath of heaven stept;
'Gainst rushing wind and dashing surge, the seamen toiled in vain,
And soon beneath the raging seas was whelmed the pride of Spain.

Away, away by western isles, away by Irish shores,
Where struggling 'mid the jagged rocks the chafed Atlantic roars,
Lie, tempest-scattered, on the strand, the warlike hopes of Rome,
Their requiem the breakers' wrath, their shroud the ocean foam.

In vain the ceaseless mass they sing, in vain along the steep
Of Finisterre, the anxious watch look out across the deep;
The boastings of the proud are stilled, the mighty are laid low,
For Heaven has fought on England's side, and crushed her haughty foe.

Now glory give to God on high, who saved our church and state
From Rome's degrading tyranny and Philip's jealous hate;
And honor to our good Queen Bess, and honor ever more,
To Howard, lord of Effingham, and all who guard our shore.

L. D.

———o———

BATTLE OF LISNAGARVEY.

Fair art thou, Lisnagarvey! and fair thy happy homes;
And faithful are thy sons in peace, and staunch when danger comes:
And o'er thee yet is floating free, the banner of the blue;
Though changed thy name, thou'rt still the same—the stronghold of the true.

Two hundred years are past and gone since all along the tide
Of blood-stained Bann, the murderers were mustering in their pride.
And Newry's towers had fallen, and treason had success,
And scarce a gleam of hope was seen the loyal hearts to bless.

And slaughter fierce was rioting o'er all the hills of Down,
And shot and shriek were mingling thick in every conquered town
Nor sex, nor age, nor plighted faith, from treachery could save,
And the name of Protestants became the passport to the grave.

But still o'er Lisnagarvey the royal banner flew,
And still in Lisnagarvey stout hands the falchion drew;
Oh! still in Lisnagarvey a home the loyal found,
And peace was there, and holy prayer, while murder raged around

The Red O'Neil his standard raised, and summoned all his men:
And kerns and galloglasses poured from every mountain glen;
And stern Maginnis brought from Down, his trained warrior band,
Eager for prey, athirst to slay, they trooped on every hand!

Then marshalling their grim array, the leaders deeply swore,
To sweep the name of Protestant from off the northern shore;
And soon on Carrickfergus keep to plant their banner green,
But vain the boast, for all their host—old Lisburn lay between!

'Twas on a Sunday morning, just as the daylight broke,
The pealing horn round fair Brookhill each rugged kern awoke;
And mass was said in eager haste, and on the rebels hied,
To crush the few, the staunch and true, who durst their coming bide.

"O'Neil! the red hand for the right!" "Maginnis for Iveagh!"
Eight thousand voices ringing loud, upswell the fierce hurrah;
"For church and king!" "for church and king!" "we trust in God on high!"
With weaker shouts, but hearts full stout, the Protestants reply.

To north and south, about the town, two columns took their course,
While ranked upon the warren, stood the main strength of their force;
And up from Lagan's farthest bank they made the first attack—
The bridge is crossed, the pass is lost, the loyalists give back.

Back! for a moment—thick and fast adown the narrow street,
With crushing blow and grinding stroke, the deadly foemen meet;
And scarce a shot is heard to ring, so close the fight they ply,
Till soon o'erborne, and all forlorn, away the rebels fly.

Then, baffled and repulsed sore, they feared to venture in,
But still with bullet-shower they strive their scanty foes to thin;
And thus, opposed the livelong day, in battle range they stand,
While skirmish hot and scattering, harassed the loyal band.

The night closed in, but Phelim still prolonged the hopeless fight,
While cannon's flash and mansion's blaze gave out a fearful light;
But nobly still the Protestants maintained their fearful post,
Till far away, ere break of day, had slunk the rebel host.

Not unto us, not unto us, oh God! but unto thee,
The honor and the high renown of our deliverance be;
Our strength were nought, and all in vain our weapons might we bear,
But on our side thou didst abide, and break our foemen's snare.

And dearly still within our hearts, the memories shall dwell,
Of Rawdon and stout Tyringham, who led us on so well;
But chief of those, our comrades dear, who in the battle died,
To save their home from haughty Rome, and stern rebellion's tide.

Fair fall thee, Lisnagarvey! old bulwark of the north!"
May thy stout sons still emulate their gallant fathers' worth;
And o'er thee stainless wave for aye the banner of the blue!
Though changed thy name, be thou the same, the stronghold of the true!

L. D.

THE GATHERING OF THE NORTH. August, 1845.

Good men and true, that wear the blue, 'tis time that ye come forth,
And "reck them rede" our homestead breed throughout "the canny north;"
And tell them yet who fain forget the gallant blood of yore,
They yet may see it "do or dree," what hath been, be once more.

Where Antrim wakes its "lake of lakes," its giant column rears,
From Bann's white tide, and Lagan's side, now rich with golden spears,
(From bigot strife with hunted life the Huguenot fled here)
Now from their hold come yeomen bold and stalwart mountaineer.

"The maiden town" will send us down a brave and loyal band,
Though shorn be now her fearless brow, that guards our northern strand;
Good men and true, to dare and do, from Garvagh and Coleraine;
When spurred by wrong, the heart is strong —God teach you to refrain.

Where the foiled sea rocks in its glee indented Donegal,
By lough and lake her sons awake and gather to our call:
But no! not sleep, 'twas thine to keep, we only "bide the time,"
'Twill not be long till rampart wrong has ripened to its prime.

Fermanagh! thou art gathering now—stern spirits thou hast bred,
Woe to the snake, whose shiny streak coils through the grass they tread;
Tyrone! thy tide, the true and tried, is pouring down, I ween,
Like the fierce blast that rushes past old Tyrell's hills of green.

And loyal Down! from shire and town right welcome thou shalt be!
In beauty rare, how passing fair Rosstrevor crowns the lea!
And Newry "leal," come woe or weal, will "telegraph" again,
The coming brunt and noble front of the freeborn northern men.

Armagh! in speed send to our need thy sinew, blood, and bone,
With spirit high, in heart and eye, to hold to death our own;
And Monaghan, though last not least, send forth unto their post,
But one in ten of thy brave men to crown our northern host.

And now we stand on this green land, and under heaven's blue dome,
God grant the prayer! each true man here, go bloodless, scatheless home:
But first we clasp in brother-grasp a fearless loyal band,
Our faith to plight to hold the right for God and native land.

We ask no broil our foes to foil, we brook their insults base,
How hard the task, they need but ask, the records of our race;
The "Diamond" fight will tell them right, the banks of sullied Bann,
Unless forgot, they'll tempt us not "to bob it o'er again."

Each rank we sink in brother-link, the true old blood is here,
None base but they who would betray the righteous cause and dear;
They said 'twas cold, the blood of old, the spirit of our sires,
But here's to you, good men and true, whose hearts retain their fires.

But oh! we boast a higher trust, and better weapons wear,
They taunt us still "the Bible men," would that in truth we were!
So help us God on this green sod we pray a faithful prayer—
Thy peace bestow on friend and foe, and teach us to forbear!

ANON.

THE ULSTER YEOMEN'S REMONSTRANCE.

[These verses are the expression, however inadequate, of the feeling of the yeomanry of Ulster, on the attempt to deprive them of their tenant-right, an attempt unexampled in the annals of social fraud. Upon the settlement of Ulster, by James I., the tenure of the yeomanry was intended as clearly as that of the landlords. Indeed, the twelfth article of the conditions of the plantation distinctly stipulated for such tenures. The landlords, however, evaded the article, and the spirit of clanship which pervaded the tenantry prevented the latter ever fearing the attempt which is now threatened to deprive them of their right. Accordingly, the rather anomalous custom of selling the tenancy-at-will has prevailed since the plantation, and certainly, if ever a prescription was just, this one is; and, although there is the strong opinion of no less an authority than Sir James Graham, that the prescription is not good in law, its foundation is incomparably clearer than that of those rights which generally rest on the legal doctrine of prescription.]

WHAT is this right your new-made laws demand of us to yield?
The right to live like Christian men, not oxen of the field;
To feel we, freemen, tread the land, our freemen fathers trod—
The right to lift, at kirk and church, unfettered hands to God.

We have been kinsmen of your blood, and clansmen to your name;
No bond we asked but nobles' words when to this land we came;
And now our rights, but favors none, we're seeking at your hands;
We gave our yeomen services—we'll keep our yeomen lands.

They tell us Tipperary boasts far kindlier meads than ours
That fairer valleys spread beneath grey Cashel's sainted towers;
Where hoary keep and meadow green the Royal Shannon laves,
God's hand more bountiful hath been, but men to men are slaves.

They tell us those who lord it there, their fellows have down-trod,
Not caring that which they deface, the image is of God;
That, in their pride and avarice, they laugh His word to scorn,
Who bids them "muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

Was it for fate like this, my lords, our people crossed the sea,
From Niall's and O'Donnell's swords your race's guard to be?
Did for such serfdom many a year our yeomen fathers strive
From wolf, from woodkerne,* and from want, to save your souls alive?

Beware, lest by our chimney nooks we trace our annals back,
And see of our stout hands and hearts how dire has been your lack,
And think that with our hol cause, and with our courage true,
We might for our own race, have done what we have done for you.

Think ye we from our fathers heard no tales of days gone by,
When side by side with yours they met the "Irishe enemie,"
Ere country had forgotten been, and clanship had grown cold,
And every man was weighed, as now, but by his weight in gold?

When on the trackless woods sank down the long December night,
And Slemish and Slievegallon's heads with Christmas snow were white,
And through the drift, with gleaming skeines, the vengeful kern came on,
What men were they, in such an hour, whose right hands kept the bawne?†

* The name of the common Irish who had been left by O'Niall's wars in a state of great want and degradation. "Sir Toby Caulfield's people," says Blannerhasset, in 1610, "are driven every night to lay up his cattle, as it were, in ward, and, do he and his what they can, the woolfe and the woodkerne within culivershot of his fort, have oftentimes their share."

† *Bawne* was the name given to the square keeps erected by the first British settlers in Ulster.

And when that dread Allhallow-tide,* at awful evening's close,
From Erne's lake to Antrim town the blood-red fires arose,
And out of captured town and bawne, and over vale and heath,
From woman's lips the midnight wind bore on the shriek of death

Who rallied round your walls and towers that night of fear and woe,
With hearts all bleeding for the dead, but fearless of the foe;
And fought till Cromwell came at last, after long years of toil,
To smite the murderer in his blood, the robber with his spoil?

Bethink ye well before ye try to grind us down to earth;
The hands that kept a hostile land can keep a yeoman's hearth.
We look around our hills and vales—are recollections there
Of failure or defeat to bid our fathers' sons despair?

Derry frowns, "unsurrendered yet," where Foyle and ocean join;
Proud as of yore looks down Donore upon the storied Boyne:
Dungannon still uprears its spire against the vault of blue,
As when waved glorious in its choir, the flags of '82.

The ploughman's share each Spring lays bare the bones of Antrim field:
Tell us, have memories such as these but taught our hearts to yield?
And, ere by fraud ye take the right our toil repays again,
From past days learn this lesson stern—Beware the Ulster men!

ANON.

---o---

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

THE night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast,
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast;
The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky,
But, "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."

There *was* a day when loyalty was hailed with honor due,
Our banner the protection waved to all the good and true,
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were linked in honor's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When treason bared her bloody arm, and maddened round the land,
For king and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand:
Our gathering spell was William's name, our word was "Do or die,"
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,
And worth and gallant services remembered are no more,
And crushed beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie,
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

* The Irish massacre of 1641 began on the eve of Allhallows, in that year.

Forth start the spawn of treason, the 'scaped of ninety-eight,
To bask in courtly favor, and seize the helm of state;
E'en they whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarradined the Slaney's silver wave,
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave;
He comes, the open rebel fierce, he comes the Jesuit sly;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapped the land in foul rebellious flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks untinged by shame:
Be still, be still, indignant heart, be tearless, too, each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Power that led his chosen, by pillared cloud and flame,
Through parted sea, and desert waste, that Power is still the same:
He fails not; He, the loyal hearts, that firm on Him rely,
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Power that nerved the stalwart arm of Gideon's chosen few,
The Power that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent through,
In His protecting aid confide, and every foe defy,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers through the haze;
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succor nigh,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head;*
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Then cheer ye, hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair,
Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air;
The storm that raves the wildest, the soonest passes by.
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word;
These, these, the war-cry of our march, our hope, the Lord on high;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

* Lord Roden resides at the base of Slieve Donard.

ULSTER, TO THE RESCUE.

TUNE—"Le Petit Tambour."

THE doul ling drum is sounding,
All o'er the loyal north;
And faithful hearts are bounding,
As its summons bids them forth;
And our fathers' flag is flying,
Aloft in blazoned pride;
And fearless men are hieing,
To rank them by its side.

And Down's green vales are ringing
With loyal sounds once more,
To Antrim echo flinging
From cliff and rocky shore;
For Derry's ancient slogan
Is pealing to the sky,
And Bann gives back the token—
"We conquer or we die."

And stern Lough Erne is bounding,
In answer to the call;
And stout Tyrone resounding,
Wakes rocky Donegal:
And all along the border,
Of Cavan's fire-tried land,
Ranks in unbroken order,
A firm devoted band.

And the "Diamond" bright is blazing,
'Mid champions of the truth;
And the gathering cry is raising
The scatterers of Truagh;
And loud—hurrah! and louder!
O'er plain and inland wave,
Rings forth a summons prouder,
Than ever monarch gave.

The motto of our glory!
The battle word of old!
The boast of Orange story!
The 'prentice answer bold,
Rings loud—hurrah! rings louder!
O'er plain and inland wave,
A mustering summons prouder,
Than ever monarch gave,

And now, God bless the yeomen,
In Ulster's happy homes;
God shield them from their foemen,
Uphold when danger comes.

May the Orange still united,
With their fathers' sturdy blue,
By faction's breath unblighted,
Wave o'er their legions true.

From statesmen, treason veiling,
'Neath false and hollow smiles:
From hearts, in honor failing,
Or won by Jesuit wiles;
From fear, when danger gathers,
Or rebels venture forth;
Oh! Helper of our fathers!
Guard thou the loyal north,

Lisburn. LEAMH DHEARG

———o———

THE CHARTER SONG OF THE WATSON ORANGE LODGE, No. 356.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

IN darkness long our flag has lain,
But on its silken fold,
Nor falsehood's blot, nor treason's stain,
Has ever fixed a hold:
For strong the warp, and true the dye,
That formed its blazon bright;
And vain was envy's purchased lie,
And vain oppression's blight.
Hurrah! hurrah! it meets the day!
'Neath sun or storm the same:
And on its fold, full fair enrolled,
Shines WATSON's honored name.

They thought that northern men forgot,
The deeds of days gone by;
That northern men remembered not
Their ancient rallying cry;
But Antrim has good men, and true,
Whose spirits freedom fires;
And Orangemen will still renew
The watchwords of their sires.
Loyal our cause, as e'er it was;
In weal or woe, the same:
And all in vain they sought to stain
Our WATSON's honored name.

Then while the foes of truth combine,
And rank their legions vast,
And boast their strength in battle line,
Oh! let them read the past!

And learn how our brave fathers fought,
  And crushed their vauntings then;
And Derry, Lisnagarvey taught
  The might of free-born men.
Our blood the same with theirs who came
  Victors from Aughrim field;
And freemen born, like them we scorn,
  To popish slaves to yield,

Brother with brother, here we join,
  Brother with brother bold;
Hand grasped in hand, as through the Boyne,
  Our fathers marched of old.
Pledged to each other to be true,
  By all our hearts hold dear:
The foemen throng, though friends are few,
  Nor wiles, nor threats we fear
But scorn them all, whate'er befall,
  In weal or woe the same,
And to the last, for all that's passed,
  We'll honor WATSON'S name.

Ours is no politician's wile,
  We know not how to bend;
No treasons our bright cause defile,
  We rise but to defend:
And for the rights that yet remain,
  Of those our fathers won,
And by the hopes our hearts retain
  Of better days begun;
Brothers we stand—hand grasped in hand,
  Like those who crossed the river;
And give once more the pledge of yore,
  "THREE-FIFTY-SIX FOR EVER!"

Lisburn. LEAMH DHEARG.

———o———

THE OLD COMMODORE.*

TUNE—"Lucy Neal."

I'LL sing you an old ballad, though it may grieve you sore,
Of a fine old country gentleman, known to you all before,
How manfully he led the chase, though well nigh eighty-four,
And fearlessly did leap the fence, the gallant Commodore!
  Oh! old Commodore,
  Oh! brave Commodore,
He was a fine old gentleman! the gallant Commodore!

* James Watson, Esq. the worshipful master of the county Antrim, who was deprived of the magistracy for leading the Lisburn procession of '45, by Sir Robert Peel's government, is familiarly known as "The old Commodore."

And when our July meeting came, he led his Orange corps,
For who'd have thought it anything without the Commodore?
And proudly did he stand that day, as in the days of yore,
And proudly on his loyal breast, the Orange colors wore!
Oh! old Commodore, &c.

But when this came to Bobby's ears, he raged, and stamped and swore;
To think that he could bearded be by an Irish Commodore!
So down he sent his mittimus, James conned it o'er and o'er,
Said he, "I'm still grand worshipfnl from Lough Neagh to Bengore"
Oh! old Commodore, &c.

Alas! the old man he must die! his loss we will deplore;
Yet let us trust the *cause* wont die, when Watson is no more!
And while its wondrous mysteries within our hearts we store,
We will keep up THREE-FIFTY-SIX, for thy sake, Commodore!
Oh! old Commodore, &c.

N. G.

Lisburn

LINES ON JOHN JEFFERSON, SEN., ESQ.

Lines composed on the occasion of JOHN JEFFERSON, Sen., Esq., Aughnahoe, being the last now living (March, 1852,) of the Lisburn Company of Cavalry, in 1798.

THE snows of more than eighty years has fallen on his head,
And all the men, with whom he ranked, are numbered with the dead;
Of the Lisburn Corps of Cavalry, he now survives—the last—
The only one remaining here, a witness of the past.

His courage, when displayed, was of the most unflinching kind,
Honor, honesty, and justice were centered in his mind;
As the last oak of the forest, he remains in vigor strong,
An heir of life, immortal—and of peace, enduring long.

In seventeen-'ninety-eight, when the Papists had rebelled,
The Orangemen convinced them that treason could be quelled;
When, during 'ninety-eight, the rebel standard was unfurled,
The Cavalry and Yeomanry showed valor to the world.

We should all remember still, with due appreciation,
The mem'ries of the men, who were deliverers of the nation;
In sixteen 'eighty-eight, in 'ninety, and in famous 'ninety-eight—
May the spirits of those heroes ever flourish in the State!

There were some who joined the Papists, in fatal 'ninety-eight—
Before that all was over, they repented, when too late;
For, who could e'er expect to find that Popery was sincere,
Which sacrifices everything humanity holds dear.

Past, are those days of trouble—but may soon return again—
May Protestants, from joining in with Popery, refrain!
Then shall the power of Antichrist be crushed within this land,
And truth will triumph everywhere with strong victorious hand.

Then, as the western ocean's gem, shall Ireland be alway,
When gospel precepts over it exert their peaceful sway;
This land shall then be flourishing, all glorious, great and free,
A praise among the nations, from her centre to the sea.

If we would "act but well our part, for there the honor lies,"
Our country, to prosperity, successfully would rise;
No more a byeword, and a proverb all the nations through
She then would be, and that for aye, the stronghold of the true,

R. R. B.

DUBLIN, March, 1852.

———o———

ON THE GRAVES OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS IN LISBURN CHURCH-YARD.

[In the eastern wall of Lisburn church-yard are a few weather-worn tombstones, the sole memorial in that district of a numerous colony of Huguenot exiles, who settled about Lisburn towards the close of the seventeenth century, after the repeal of the Edict of Nantz. Of the tombs, one has these words:—"Luge viator et ut ille, dum vita manebat, suspice coelum, despice mundum, respice finem."]

LIGHTLY tread! beneath are sleeping,
  Warriors of the cross of God!
Warriors! conscience truly keeping,
  Spite of persecution's rod!
Warriors! on their God relying!
  Warriors! victors over Rome!
Kings! whom glories never dying,
  Wait in an eternal home!

Faithful, like their sires before them,
  To the faith their souls had tried;
Vainly bigot power o'erbore them,
  Vainly courtly arts were plied.
Danger scorning, bribes despising,
  Wealth and lands they left behind;
More than gold their conscience prizing,
  More than home their chainless mind.

Northmen! northmen! guard their slumbers
  From their persecutor's tread;
Ye have strength from which her numbers,
  Scathed and broken, often fled:
Rally here in time of dangers,
  Rally here—'tis holy ground:
Let the spirit of the strangers,
  Burning in your hearts, be found.

Yours the foe whose hate bereft them
  Of their homesteads by the Rhone;
Here's the heritage she left them—
  Sculpture dim and mouldering stone,
List the lesson they are preaching
  From the strange soil where they lie;
Hear the faithful exiles teaching
  Wisdom that can never die.

"Trust not Rome! for pledges broken
  Mark the noontide of her power;
Oaths that royal lips have spoken,
  Fade in her triumphal hour:
Rights a grateful king had given
  To the men that reared his throne,
From their sons were basely riven,
  When her bigot power had grown.

"Thus she robbed us of our valleys;
  Slew our pastors with the sword;
Doomed our brethren to the galleys;
  And her shaven robber horde,
All their priestly arts are plying,
  In the mansions of the brave,
Where our fathers' bones are lying,
  Far beyond the ocean wave.

"Trust her not—when most she's telling
  Of her love for 'altars free,'
Then her tiger heart is swelling,
  With the hope that soon shall be
Vengeance, deep, and black, and lasting,
  Trampling down her every foe,
Truth oppressing, freedom blasting,
  Chaining souls in gloom and woe."

Northmen! northmen! mark the teaching
  Of the men who would not lie;
Hear the faithful exile preaching
  Wisdom that shall never die.
Trust not man, for man betrayed you,
  Trust not Rome, her friendship slays:
Trust in God—with him to aid you,
  You shall stand when Rome decays.

LEAMH DHEARG.

Lisburn.

———o———

[From the *Protestant Watchman*, Dublin, October 20th, 1848

THE ORANGEMEN OF THE NORTH.

THE Orangemen of the North
Know nothing about dismay,
Their cause is just and noble,
It still shall carry the day.

The Orangemen of the North
Have the spirits of their sires,
Who conquered at the Boyne,
And opposed the Pope's desires.

The Orangemen of the North
Still are ready to maintain
The cause of good King William,
Without either spot or stain.

The Orangemen of the North
Shall still defend their freedom
As their fathers long before
Upheld it in this kingdom.

The Orangemen of the North
Are loyal "good men and true,"
Their rights they'll still maintain
With the "Orange and the Blue."

The Orangemen of the North
Will ever unflinching wear
The colors which their fathers
Kept throughout with sacred care.

The Orangemen of the North
Shall preserve those colors free
From every traitor "felon,"
Though a friend he'd seem to be.

The Orangemen of the North
Still raise their "No Surrender,"
In memory of him who was
Their "great and good" defender.

R. R. B.

ORANGEMEN, COME ON.*

A WAR SONG.

TUNE—"Scots wha hae."

Lo! the wide horizon glows
With the watch-fires of your foes!
Lo! each lighted mountain shows
Where they bide their time!
Soon shall dawn the fatal day,
Rolling drum and trumpet bray,
Soon shall wake the deadly fray:
Orangemen, come on!

Who but cowards would hang back?
Who but traitors would prove slack?
When to shield her from attack
Freedom calls her sons?
Rouse ye! fearless men and true,
Rear the righteous cause anew!
Freedom's latest hope's in you:
Orangemen, come on!

By your dead, your martyred dead,
By their blood in torrents shed,
By the murderous bullets sped
From the foemen's guns;
By your fathers' swords! by all
That their ancient deeds recall—
Boyne's red ford and Derry's wall,
Orangemen, come on!

* "The Orange Association was formed in the year 1795, and the first lodge was held in the village of the Diamond, in the county Armagh, on the 21st day of September. We have the testimony of the Roman Catholic Committee, that in the prior conflicts between the Protestant and Papist parties, the latter were the aggressors; and from Mr. Emmett, the acknowledgement that the occasion of forming the first Orange Lodge was an outrage which Protestants must have regarded as a most perfidious violation of a solemn engagement. The Protestants had fought a pitched battle with their enemies—had won it; and had, instead of following it up in blood, granted a truce. A day had only elapsed when they found the truce broken, and were compelled to reassemble. Out of this affray arose the Orange institution. It has been said that it is calculated to excite bad feelings, and to promote tumults and aggression. To this the best reply is the tranquility of Ulster In ancient days, when one who had done Rome service was falsely accused, he pointed to the Capitol, and the memory of the good he had achieved was sufficient to effect his exculpation. The Orangemen do more! they say, we saved the country in the hour of its sorest peril; and we have preserved the districts where our organization is effective, against the disturbances which affright and affect the less guarded provinces. This defence ought to be understood. The merchant on 'change should ask, why are lands in Ulster of higher purchase than in any other parts of Ireland? Why does capital find there a more secure investment? The economist in the House of Commons should inquire, why, in the estimate for the Irish military establishment, judging of expenses by the distribution of the troops, Ulster, containing much more than a fourth of the population of Ireland, puts the empire to not one twelfth of the expense? The man of moral and religious principle should inquire, why is it that inquests on violent deaths are so few—that the calendar of crime in Ulster is so light in comparison with other Irish circuits—perhaps I might say, in comparison with England—and if it be found that districts where there is least crime, most security and least expense of government and protection, are the districts where Orangeism is most prevalent, it should awaken a disposition, not of course to receive as truth what Orangemen allege, but not to give instant and implicit credence in what their enemies inveigh against them." "It has stood the test of two most scrutinizing parliamentary committees—one of the Lords, in the year 1825, and the other of the Commons, 1835, without the slightest imputation being cast upon it which has any weight with rational men." Accordingly to other accounts, the first lodge met shortly after the Diamond fight, in Dian, County Tyrone.

From the homes your swords yet keep
Where the waves on Youghal leap,
To where Bann is rolling deep,
Down by stout Coleraine;
From the strongholds of the brave,
Schomberg's tomb, and Walker's grave,
Erne's proud shore, and Lagan's wave,
Orangemen, come on!

Slumber not! your foemen wake;
Soon the fatal morn will break,
Soon the frighted hills will shake
With the battle's roar;
Linger not! the hour is nigh;
See, the dawning streaks the sky;
March! no surrender! win or die!
Orangemen, come on!

LEAMH DHEARG.

Lisburn.

———o———

NO SURRENDER.

BEHOLD! the crimson banners float,
O'er yonder turrets hoary!
They tell of days of dauntless note,
And Derry's dauntless glory;
When her brave sons undaunted stood,
Embattled to defend her,
Indignant stemmed oppression's flood,
And sung out "No Surrender."

Old Derry's walls were firm and strong,
Well fenced in every quarter,
Each frowning bastion grim, along,
With culverin and mortar:
But Derry had a surer guard,
Than all that art could lend her,
Her 'prentice hearts the gates who barred,
And sung out "No Surrender."

On came the foe in bigot ire,
And fierce the assault was given;
By shot and shell, 'mid streams of fire,
Her fated roof was riven.
But baffled was the tyrant's wrath,
And vain his hopes to bend her,
For still 'mid famine, fire and death,
She sung out "No Surrender."

Again when treason maddened round
  And rebel hordes were swarming,
Were Derry's sons the foremost found,
  For king and country arming:
Forth they rushed at honor's call,
  From age to boyhood tender,
Again to man their virgin wall,
  And sing out "No Surrender."

Long may the crimson banner wave,
  A meteor streaming airy,
Portentous of the free and brave,
  Who guard the gates of Derry.
And Derry's sons alike defy,
  Pope, traitor, or pretender,
And peal to heaven their 'prentice cry,
  Their patriot "No Surrender."

ANON.

The Protestant Banner.

J. B. FINLAY, L. L. D., EDITOR.

This new monthly PROTESTANT MAGAZINE will be published in New York on the 1st of January, 1856. Each number will contain 32 pages, printed on good paper, and with good type.

Terms One Dollar per Annum, Payable in Advance.

The BANNER will faithfully expound the glorious truths of the great Reformation—will defend the principles of our Protestant Zion, and as a watchman on her walls, will earnestly warn the community of Papal Jesuitry and cunning. Its chief characteristics will be—

Sacred Devotion to Religion.

Non-Sectarian Spirit.

Maintainance of Truth,

Unabated Opposition to Error.

It will present to its readers, Historical Narratives—Dissertations on Romanism—Sketches of the Lives of Martyrs—Glances at the Missionary Operations of all Christian denominations throughout the World. It will also embrace a

Summary of News from Europe, Asia and Africa.

The Banner will be Popular in its Character. Its Editorials and other articles will be brief, but comprehensive. Several gentlemen of well known literary attainments have been engaged to write for its columns, which will present an array of talent unsurpassed by any similar Periodical published in the Country.

All subscriptions and communications should be addressed to

THE PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,

ROBERT REDMAN BELSHAW,

8 SPRUCE STREET,

NEW YORK.

Orders for the "Irish Protestant Letters," may also be sent to the same address.

P. S.—The BANNER will be published at the office of the MERCANTILE GUIDE AND FAMILY JOURNAL, 8 Spruce St.